The Outlook

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The Revolution in Constantinople

Events moved with startling rapidity in Turkey's capital last week after the period of delay and indecision which followed the reception of the remonstrance by the Great Powers against the Porte's reluctance to come to terms with the Allies. This joint note, sent by the representatives of the Powers to the Turkish Minister of War, pointed out the grave responsibility Turkey would assume if it so acted as to make renewal of war probable. The note, in diplomatic but perfectly plain language, warns the Porte that "the Sultan can only count on the efficacy of the benevolent support of the Powers so long as he defers to their counsels." Following general advice with particular injunctions, the note proceeded to urge the Turkish Government to cede Adrianople to the Balkan States and to leave to the Powers the task of deciding the fate of the Ægean Islands. In return the Powers offer to guard Mussulman interests at Adrianople and to use their influence in favor of just treatment of Turkey by the Allies. On Wednesday the Porte's reply, consenting to the request of the Powers, was issued, after a convening of the National Council of the Ottoman Empire—a step unusual in Turkish affairs and one intended doubtless to relieve the Ministry of some share of responsibility. Immediately the subject of discussion at London and in the capitals of the countries involved began to turn, first, on the steps to be taken to withdraw the troops of the Allies and to put an end to existing warlike conditions; and, second, upon the other questions which must be met before a final agreement as to the map of a large part of Europe is reached. The general belief was that practically the Balkan war had come to an end; and it may be of interest here to quote the estimates given by the press correspondents that the probable number of killed and wounded on both sides in this war is from 150,000 to 200,000 men—in the battle of Lule Burgas alone about 20,000 Turks and 15,000 Bulgarians were killed and wounded. A terrible price, this, to pay for the adjustment of frontiers; but at least it may be said that the war will in all probability result in a clear and, on the whole, advantageous issue to the world at large.

The Outbreak of Violence

But, as was expected, the action of the Turkish Ministry aroused fury in Turkey's capital. Popular demonstrations were made throughout the city, and rioting continued even after the Ministry had fallen. On Thursday and Friday a dozen or more people were wounded, and further rioting was feared. War-ships were despatched from several Powers to Constantinople. Politically the resignation of the Cabinet under the leadership of Kiamil Pasha was inevitable. Enver Bey presented the demands of the people, or the demands of the revolutionaries, as one may choose to call them, for the resignation of the old Ministry; and a new Ministry was appointed by the Sultan under the leadership of Mahmoud Shevket Pasha. The new head of the Turkish Cabinet has long been known as an able leader of the Young Turk element. The Committee of Union and Progress of the Young Turks party issued at once a proclamation which said in substance that the weakness of the former political leaders was the cause of the disastrous war, because it had "excited the appetite of the Balkan Powers," while at the same time the army had been weakened and not strengthened; that instead of preparing for war against threatening enemies, the old Ministry had destroyed the spirit of the army and had persecuted "honest men"—presumably adherents of the opposing political party. The proclamation, of course, also denounced the

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old Ministry for its weakness in yielding to the representatives of the Powers as regards Adrianople and the Islands. What will follow this overthrow of one Ministry and accession to power of another is problematic; but if the Young Turks renew the war, it is hard to see how Turkey can escape complete expulsion from Europe. One immediate tragic result was the killing of the Turkish General, Nazim Pasha, who was commander of the forces at Tchataldja and in previous battles and was Minister of War in the Cabinet of Mukhdar, who preceded Kiamil, now overthrown. The story is told that the leaders of the Young Turks, notably Enver Bey, had ordered that the revolutionaries should abstain from all violence, but that Enver Bey himself was fired at from a window of the offices occupied by Nazim Pasha, and that either Enver Bey himself or one of his officers returned the fire and killed Nazim Pasha. Inevitably the new Ministry has a most difficult and disheartening task before it. Its aim, apparently, will be to convince the Powers and the Allies that their demands as regards Adrianople and the Islands must be abandoned or modified. If the new Ministry fails to bring about this result, which is entirely probable, they will be in precisely the same position as that of their predecessors—that is, they will face either a humiliating surrender of ground taken or a renewal of a desperate war against the proven military ability of the Allies.

Change of Ministry in Japan

The recent Governmental crisis in Japan, which ended in the resignation of Premier Saionji and the formation of a new Ministry under Prince Katsura, was the result of a difference of opinion concerning the expediency of strengthening the Japanese army. General Uyehara, the Minister of War, insisted upon the immediate creation of two more divisions for service in Korea. Marquis Saionji, with most of his associates, questioned the expediency of increasing the strength of the army at present for the reason that the Japanese people are hardly able to bear the burden of taxation already laid upon them. The Minister of War replied that the two additional divisions for Korea were urgently needed, but that prudential considerations prevented him from making public the facts that seemed to him to justify the demand for them. The differences of opinion in the Ministry concerning this question proved to be irreconcilable; the Premier and his associates resigned, and Prince Katsura, by command of the Emperor, assumed the duties and responsibilities of Premier for the third time, and formed a new Ministry. The sympathies of the nation in this governmental struggle are with the anti-military party. The people, or most of them, say, "Why should the strength of the army be increased when we can barely support the large army that we already have? We don't want to go to war with anybody, and there is little danger that anybody will attack us. We are now paying from fifteen to twenty-five per cent of our gross incomes in taxes; the cost of living is steadily increasing, and the poorer classes can hardly make ends meet even with the greatest possible industry and economy. Six years have elapsed since the close of the Russian war, and we are still paying war taxes. National expenditures should be reduced, not increased, and, for purposes of defense, our present army is large enough. Why spend millions of yen in the organization of two more divisions?"

Japan's Dilemma

The Japanese Minister of War and the military party, on the other hand, see, looming on the northern horizon, dangers, or at least possibilities, of which the people generally are ignorant or unconscious. Russia has practically finished the double-tracking of her trans-Siberian railway, and now has two lines of communication from the Urals to eastern Asia. She will also complete, in the near future, her new Amur Railway, which will greatly strenghen her position on the frontier of Korea. Her attitude toward Mongolia shows that she has not abandoned her policy of territorial expansion in Asia, and if she escapes embroilment in the Near East, and does not have to fight for her interests in the Balkans, there is every reason to assume that she will turn her attention once more to the Far East and again threaten China or Korea, or both. The military strength of the Chinese Republic is not to be trusted, and Japan must be prepared to defend not only her own interests but the interests of her weaker neighbor against possible Russian aggression. The danger, it is true, is not imminent, but experience has taught Japanese military men to take a long look ahead; and the weakness of China, the unrest in Korea, and the strategic significance of the new Russian railways in Asia, afford

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ample reasons for anxiety and precaution. The organization and training of two divisions —approximately fifty thousand men—is a work of time, and the late Minister of War was of opinion that the work should begin at once. Perhaps he was unduly apprehensive, but it doubtless seemed to him that it would be better to postpone for a time the reduction of war taxes than to be caught, unprepared, by a break-up of the Chinese Republic, an insurrection in Korea, or a more hostile Russian attitude in Manchuria or on the Korean frontier. Between the military party, who are apprehensive of trouble in the north or west, and the great mass of the Japanese people, who are clamoring for a reduction of taxes that have become almost unendurable, the position of the new Ministry is likely to be a difficult one. And yet there are writers and speakers in America who still declare that Japan, with all her poverty and her domestic and foreign troubles and perplexities, is getting ready for an aggressive war against the United States!

Mr. Mabie in Japan

Our readers will remember that in November we announced the departure for Japan of Mr. Mabie, the Associate Editor of The Outlook, to deliver a series of addresses in that country on Western civilization and ideas under the joint auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the Japanese Government. We have just received the Japanese newspapers which give reports of his safe arrival and of two of his public addresses—addresses, however, only semi-official in their character, as they were on occasions distinct from those on which he will speak as the official lecturer of the Carnegie Endowment. "Peace Sunday," December 15, was a cold and rainy day in Tokyo, but one of the largest halls in the city was crowded to its utmost capacity by an audience of men who listened patiently to a series of speeches and enthusiastically applauded arguments against the waste of war, its appalling drain on national resources, its brutality, and its ineffectiveness as a method of settling international differences. A nation which has fought other nations only twice in two hundred and sixty years, and in both cases for what it believed to be its own safety, is already convinced of the superior advantages of civilized procedure over surviving methods of barbarism in the settlement of international differences, but the proposal to increase the Japanese army even for purposes of defense furnished fresh occasion for a peaceful people to urge on their rulers the need of rigid economy in the use of the national resources. Baron Sakatani, the Mayor of Tokyo, and a man of personal distinction, presided, and spoke of the late Emperor as a devoted advocate of peace. Dr. Nitobe, who interpreted the Japanese spirit in many American universities last winter and made many friends in this country, and who enjoys great popularity in his own country, emphasized the interference of war with the operation of the law of natural selection and the diversion of vast sums of money from social betterment and education.

America and Japan

The Tokyo papers report that Mr. Mabie was "enthusiastically applauded," the audience, on this as on other occasions, taking his presence as an opportunity of expressing their friendship for the American people; his address was an amplification of the idea that the great force behind the movement for international peace is not sentiment but science. Count Okuma, who is always heard with delight in Japan, and who is one of the most interesting men in the public life of the world to-day, taking Mr. Mabie's address as a text, evoked continuous laughter and approval by his happy illustrations from recent events in Japan and his witty allusions to the political situations in that country. It is unfortunate that some of the prophets of war with Japan in this country could not have come under the educational influence of this meeting. Three days after this peace meeting Mr. Mabie spoke at the annual dinner of the International Press Association at Tokyo on the "Mission of the Press." He reviewed the history of journalism in England and America for the past century. He expressed the belief that, although journalism has come to be a great force in both national and international civilization, it is destined to be a greater one. The opportunities of the newspaper, he said, in the international community are only beginning to reveal themselves, and incalculable rewards await those journalists who have the ability and nobility to see and use the chances of the future—a statement which was greeted with applause. His definition of yellow journalism we think is worth quoting:

> The yellow journal is perhaps the most sinister influence at work in the world to-day, and the

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cause of the people in every country has no greater enemy. Wearing the badge of devotion to democracy, it inevitably cheapens life, and whoever cheapens life betrays the cause of the people; for if larger commercial, educational, and political opportunities mean anything, they mean the chance of living a richer and more interesting life. One of the greatest dangers to international peace and the spread of mutual good feeling between nations is the narrow view of news taken by many sensational newspapers.

Private letters received from Mr. Mabie indicate that not only does he find no feeling of enmity towards this country on the part of either the Government or the people of Japan, but that he finds everywhere indications of the warmest desire to preserve the friendly relations with the United States. He believes that, owing to the unscrupulousness of yellow journalism, Japan is the most misreported and most misunderstood country in the world. The first of the series of articles by Mr. Mabie giving his impression of Japan and its people will be published in The Outlook at an early date.

New York's Terminal Problem

Manhattan Island, as every one knows, hangs like a tongue in the mouth of the Hudson. All the food, merchandise, and raw material from the continent to the west of that great tidal river must either be carried across from the New Jersey shore or brought down along the edge of the island on the line of the New York Central Railroad. For many years the city, State, and Federal governments have been concerned in an attempt to find a solution to the problem of making two docks grow where there is room for but one. The continual lengthening of ocean steamships, the tremendous increase in continental traffic, and the approaching completion of the Erie Canal have kept the demand for new facilities hard at the heels of all plans for future development. The congestion on the western edge of the island has now reached a critical point, calling for an immediate decision as to the best method of unifying the transportational facilities in such a way as to utilize the scanty shore space in the best and most scientific manner. Four methods of dealing with this problem have been proposed, each of which provides for the ultimate elimination of the dangerous grade crossings of the New York Central throughout the west side of the city. They are as follows: (1) Build a marginal freight subway connecting by spur tracks with both docks and warehouses. (2) Discontinue all New York Central tracks below Sixtieth Street, and make the Central carry all its freight by ferry thence to some one of nine proposed terminals situated below Twenty-third Street, these terminals to be open to all railways on equal footing, or to be apportioned among them in some manner yet to be determined. This scheme further provides that the New York Central may construct a freight subway between Sixtieth and Thirtieth Street. (3) Construct a four-track elevated railway from Sixtieth Street to Fulton Street (or farther) along the margin of the river, this road to be connected by "ramps" (that is to say, by inclines) with the present surface freight-yards of the New Jersey railways lying between Twenty-third and Forty-sixth Streets, and with the New Jersey shore by car transfer ferries to be installed between Thirtieth and Fortieth Streets. This plan contemplates the development of the east side of West Street by freight terminals close enough together to serve the various individual shippers with the shortest feasible truckage haul. (4) The fourth proposal, made by the New York Central, is physically very similar to No. 3. The Central, however, offers to build and control the proposed elevated road and certain of its terminals. It proposes, moreover, that the New Jersey roads continue their present method of freight disposal.

The Merits of the Proposals

The proposal to construct a freight subway is a natural sequence of the successful operation of the rapid transit subways for passengers. The conditions, however, are widely dissimilar. In the passenger subways the "human freight" loads and unloads itself. Merchandise is unfortunately not equipped with feet. It must be lowered and raised by artificial means. Add to this the difficulties of constructing a watertight subway through made ground thirty feet below the level of the river, and the expense of excavating sidings and spurs, and it seems that this scheme must inevitably be discarded. The second proposal, while it is approved by some of the New Jersey roads, would neither aid in solving the problem of water-front congestion nor facilitate the distribution of produce and merchandise. The removal of lower New York's only rail connection along the West Side would certainly

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cause an increase of the freight rate at the Jersey shore. Moreover, it hardly seems probable that the Central would be willing to relinquish the Eleventh Avenue line with so inadequate a compensation. The Central's right to that line has been definitely affirmed by the courts. This second proposal is the majority report of a commission appointed by the Mayor. It was signed by Messrs. Mitchel, Prendergast, and McAneny. The third proposal, as we have stated it, is a brief summary of the minority report of the same commission. It is signed by the Commissioner of Docks, Calvin Tompkins. It has been indorsed, in principle or in detail, by the following organizations: The Citizens' Union, Manufacturers' Association of New York, Mason Builders' Association, Merchants and Manufacturers' Board of Trade, Building Material Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, Maritime Association of the Port of New York, Merchants' Association of New York, New York Board of Trade and Transportation. The chief objection to this plan comes from those who are opposed to a new elevated railway in any form and any place. It must be remarked, however, that the proposed road is not intended for Fifth Avenue, but for a district given over definitely to business enterprises. A meat-cleaver may not be a proper utensil for a dining-room, but it is useful and therefore a suitable tool for the kitchen. Whether such a road as has been proposed be constructed under public or private auspices, it seems to offer the most feasible and practical solution of the West Side problem. It is the only plan that (1) removes the surface tracks of the Central; (2) gives to that railway an acceptable substitute; (3) eliminates at least some of the great train floats that now clog the harbor front; and (4) offers to manufacturers and merchants a rapid and almost inexhaustible means of increasing the warehouse and shipping capacity of the lower part of Manhattan Island. The problem of transferring freight to and from the docks is an integral part of the whole problem of developing New York Harbor, which is discussed editorially elsewhere in this issue.

Water Power

Mr. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, has made a statement concerning water power conditions which deserves circulation. The occasion was the recent meeting of the American Forestry Association at Washington. Water power on the public domain may be developed in one of two ways, affirms the Secretary: "We can either turn over that water power to private development and ownership, absolutely untrammeled, unrestrained, and unregulated, except as we can hereafter regulate it, like any private business, as it were, from the top; or we can dispose of it by a permit which, by the very terms of the statute, is revocable the moment after it is granted." Neither of these methods is satisfactory. What is our present condition? Our natural resources have been tied up. This has been a great disadvantage. We cannot offset it by employing fuel resources. As the Secretary says, they are destroyed in the use, whereas the water power that we might harness and develop is perpetual and continual. "Its use is the most living and vital example of conservation in every sense of the word." The majority of the water power people, declares Mr. Fisher, believe that the time has come when the power interests should frankly recognize the public interests involved in their business. Those public interests should impose upon private companies the payment of compensation to the Federal Government, nominal at first, but at the beginning of each successive ten-year period the Secretary of the Interior should have the right to readjust such compensation, and there should be complete publicity of records and regulations of rates and services as may be prescribed by the proper authorities, the grant being subject to revocation on violation of its conditions. Such a contract has just been entered into with the Great Falls Power Company of Montana, the company which controls the important power development of the Great Falls of the Missouri of that State. The significance of this particular grant is twofold: (1) it marks the first step toward the electrification of a part of our transcontinental railways; (2) it is the latest example of making effective the regulations regarding large power interests for which Conservationists have long contended.

An International Ariadne

If apparently veracious accounts are to be credited, it is an *olla podrida*. In an amusing piece of foreign correspondence printed in the "Harvard Musical Review" it is described by turns as a drama, ballet, opera, grand opera, Italian inter-

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mezzo, Viennese operetta, philosophy, symphonic poem new style, Wagnerian music drama, Eddie Sheldon and the new school of American drama, vaudeville, tragic stuff, Milwaukee Männerchor singing good-by—and inspires the comment: "Well, anyway, how can you tell what to think about art unless you know what to call it!" The chief responsibility for it seems to belong to Dr. Richard Strauss. Some responsibility, however, belongs to the librettist, Hugo von Hoffmansthal; a little belongs to Molière; probably no real responsibility at all should be laid upon the ancient Greeks. It is called "Ariadne in Naxos." It has created no little stir in Germany, where it has been performed this winter. No composer, living or dead, ever had a greater talent, in one respect at least, than Dr. Strauss. He has a genius for publicity. He knows how to keep people guessing as to what he is going to do next. He has applied the methods of the successful sensational journalist to the concert hall and the opera stage. After perpetrating various works which employ more instruments than anybody ever employed before and more kinds of instruments than anybody ever imagined before, Dr. Strauss offers a work which is part spectacle, part drama, and part music, with an orchestra of only thirty-six pieces. After preparing the public to look for new kinds of dissonance and cacophony from him, he offers an overture that is not only bright and full of melody, but resolves itself into a charming waltz. The plot of "Ariadne" is an adaptation of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." During a banqueting scene Dr. Strauss tries his hand at setting an omelet to music. The peculiarity of this quasi-dramatic composition is that two plays are going on at the same time—one grave, one gay. As old Jourdain, the rich plebeian patron of arts, finds the time is short, he has performed before him at the same time the tragic play of a protégé and a comedy. For example, as Ariadne in the tragedy lies upon the blue rock in the desert island, mourning under the palm trees, Harlequin, the Columbine of the comedy, and their attendants dance upon the scene and carry on their antics. This contrast gives Dr. Strauss ample opportunity to exercise his ingenuity and to satisfy his love of violent contrast. A friend of The Outlook's who attended the first performance, and who is a frank admirer of Strauss, finds in this work, which he hardly know how to name, a new proof of Strauss's genius. The most remarkable bit of writing in the whole work, he believes, is a coloratura aria, sung by the Columbine of the comedy. The work as a whole he regards as a new effort in a combination of all the arts. One suspects, however, that Dr. Strauss's admirers take him with a seriousness which just suits Dr. Strauss's own humor. During this double performance, Jourdain is represented as falling asleep; and when he awakes, after his guests have departed, he rubs his eyes and remarks, "I have always supposed that something of this sort might occur." It is not hard to fancy Dr. Strauss smiling in amused contemplation of those who look upon this work as a new revelation of the possibilities of art. One who depends for his livelihood upon the multitude of his devotees, and yet who finds an endless source of amusement in the evidences of their devotion, has the right to be regarded as a humorist.

Poisoning and Cleanliness

Lead is a poison. Two thousand years ago Pliny spoke of the disease contracted by slaves who manufactured paint out of basic carbonate. Curiously enough, we are told that the methods of lead-paint manufacture described by Pliny nearly two thousand years ago are used to-day, not because other methods have not been discovered, but because of the commercial excellence of the paint thus made. Lead-poisoning has many forms, and it exists more or less among workers who make or constantly handle lead. Lead fumes and the powder floating about in lead factories, dry color paint houses, and in many forms of manufacture, all threaten the health of the worker, unless he is properly protected. An extreme case quoted in the "American Labor Legislation Review" is that of an indoor painter who worked at sand-papering dry paint, and at the end of nine weeks fell in convulsions, was unconscious for three days, and was incapacitated for three months. Authorities say that lead-poisoning is endemic in many manufacturing centers, and can be found sporadically in almost every community of the United States; and that some of the largest industrial insurance companies refuse to accept lead workers as risks. Abroad the danger of lead-poisoning has been recognized for many years, and almost all large foreign nations prescribe conditions of manufacture

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and sanitary control, while some even absolutely forbid the use of lead in certain harmful forms. But when we turn to the United States we find that the subject has received little attention from lawmakers. Illinois is the only State in the country which has a law providing protection from lead-poisoning. Recently a standard bill to meet the evil has been prepared by the American Association for Labor Legislation of New York City, and is to be presented to the State Legislatures. The surprising thing, when we look at the requirements of this bill, is to find that the one great remedy, almost the only remedy, is cleanliness. The bill is chiefly concerned with injunctions to employers to give their employees light and ventilation, continuous movement of the air in factories, the carrying off of dust and powder by proper air-exhausts and fans, and time and facilities for keeping personally clean. Simple but careful provisions are made, for instance, for compulsory wash-rooms equipped with complete bathing conveniences, with ample accommodations for all the employees, and such minutiæ are mentioned as that the employer must furnish nail-brushes and a certain number of clean towels for each employee per week, provide a shower-bath for every five employees, and provide dressing-rooms and eating-rooms, sanitary drinking fountains, and respirators—all at the employer's cost. That is, this is all made a charge on the industry, like the expense of keeping the machinery in order. Time occupied in cleaning up must not be charged against the worker. The employee, it is directed, must not be allowed to eat in the workroom. He must be compelled to change his clothes on entering and leaving the workroom. Complementary sections of the bill absolutely order the employee to use all these facilities for cleanliness; and penalties are provided for violations of any of the minute directions by either employer or employee. Finally, stated medical examinations are required. That legislation to lessen and, where possible, to destroy disease is desirable cannot be questioned. One is pleased to learn that precautions such as those called for by this bill have been voluntarily adopted in some American factories. The experts who have studied this subject point out that the very insufficient statistics as regards American lead workers show that lead diseases are immensely more prevalent here than abroad, where precautions are taken. To take a single instance out of many quoted: an English lead factory which employs ninety men has had no case of lead-poisoning for five successive years; while in an American factory which employs eighty-five men, doctors' records for six months show thirty-five men more or less affected. Bulletins of the United States Bureau of Labor, prepared by Dr. Alice Hamilton and others, present an alarming number of fatal cases and many hundreds of cases of the disease. If it is true, as statements made by the American Association for Labor Legislation indicate, that this country is guilty of carelessness and neglect in this matter, the other States should be urged to follow the example of Illinois with the utmost promptness. Men are worth preserving as well as machinery.

The Discoverer of the South Pole

The visit to this country of Captain Roald Amundsen occurs almost simultaneously with the appearance here of his two-volume work describing the achievements of his expedition on the voyage which resulted in planting the Norwegian flag at the South Pole. This story, and indeed the entire story of Captain Amundsen's exploits in Arctic and Antarctic exploration, abounds in the fascination of adventure, and records a career of determination and achievement. The meeting between Amundsen and Peary at Washington recently was a picturesque personal incident, as it brought together, so to speak, Farthest North and Farthest South. Captain Amundsen has been welcomed officially and cordially by scientific bodies, and has received a gold medal commemorative of his achievements from the American Geographical Society. It is fifteen years since he made his first South Polar trip, and between that time and his final and successful South Polar expedition he proved the existence of a Northwest Passage, the goal of exploration for centuries; and by sailing his ship every mile of the passage around the north end of America, by way of Baffin's Bay, Barrow Strait, and other narrow straits, he demonstrated the actuality of what many authorities had considered a myth. This was in 1905. In 1909 he planned an exploration to the North Pole, using Nansen's famous ship, the Fram. Suddenly, however, he changed his plan, and made what has often been called a dash for the South Pole. The expedition took nearly three years; but, with more than one other rival in the field, it was a perfect success.

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Now Captain Amundsen is planning a trip into the northern ice, to begin a year from next summer. The reports indicate that he is not laying any stress upon an attempt to reach the North Pole, but that he proposes to test the drifting movements of the ice, starting in at Behring Straits, and expects to come out between Spitzbergen and Greenland. Captain Amundsen considers that there is a great deal of purely scientific work to be done on such a trip, and evidently loves the work of exploration for itself far more than for the popular applause it has brought him. The expedition now planned may last for from four to five years, but the party will take a wireless outfit with it and keep in touch with civilization as long as possible.

Religious Conditions in France

Since the decree separating Church and State in France, religious conditions in that country have undergone a considerable change. Writing to The Outlook recently, Pastor Charles Wagner reports that conditions in Protestant as well as in Catholic churches have improved; that, despite certain inequalities of the new law, there has been a definite religious growth. Visitors to Paris and other large towns, says a foreign correspondent writing in the New York "Freeman's Journal" recently, remark that the number of Catholics to be seen at the offices of the Church is much greater than formerly, that the frequentation of the sacraments is more satisfactory, that numerous pious works have been started in which the laity zealously co-operate, that priests and people devote themselves untiringly to promote the interests of religion, and that in various directions Catholic activity is more in advance than when the Church enjoyed the doubtful blessing of State patronage. On this the correspondent thus comments: "The Law of Separation has no doubt been followed by a very notable display of zeal on the part of the clergy and of increased religious and social activity among many of the laity—the good have, in fact, become better, especially in the cities. But, as yet, there has been no stirring of the dry bones, no Catholic revival of importance among the masses of the population." Whatever may be encouragingly true as to Paris and certain large cities, rural France hardly indicates anything but religious indifference. For instance, the "Œuvre des Campagnes" ("Work in the Country") reflects the prevailing condition. At its annual meeting the well-known writer, M. Henri Bordeaux, urged the claims of this work on the sympathy and support of his fellow-religionists, declaring that, instead of sending missionaries to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel to the barbarians, men should turn attention to their own country, for "the barbarians are at home with ourselves in France." In illustration, M. Bordeaux cited an almost incredible statement, namely, a letter received from a missionary priest declaring that "out of thirteen hundred and fifty inhabitants, I have only one single person who goes to his Easter duty. It is my old sacristan." This is doubtless an extreme case, but it may serve to show the depth of religious indifference in rural France. It is to be hoped that the increase of church attendance and of fervor in religious work observable in the capital will before long become characteristic of all France, and that the Law of Separation may prove to have been a means not only of divorcing Church and State, which never should have been united, but also of inspiring each religious community to new religious life.

The Cost of Saving Life

An insurance expert recently mentioned fifteen hundred million dollars as his estimate of loss from preventable deaths in this country. The "Journal of the American Medical Association" contrasts this enormous economic loss with other estimates showing that, while it costs about $15,000 to kill a man in modern warfare ($20,000 in the Boer War), the immense saving of lives in the Panama Canal Zone through the scientific medical and sanitary work done there by Colonel Gorgas costs only about $2.43 per person annually. The same journal quotes with deprecation one sign it has found of a disposition to make the method of vaccination against typhoid an excuse for maintaining insanitary conditions. This was in a recent newspaper editorial on typhoid immunization, in which it was declared that the method will "be a boon in towns where water-purification plants cannot be built because of the expense." Not many people would indulge in such crooked reasoning as that; the rich return in life and health yielded by modern medical research constantly urges the employment of every new method as a reinforcement to the old. That actual advances in life-saving are being made is incontestable; one recent indication is the

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recent report of Dr. Lederle, New York City's Health Commissioner, that the city's death rate for 1912 has decreased; especially welcome and assuring is the fact that the infant mortality for 1912 was the lowest in rate ever recorded in New York, and considerably lower than that of the other large cities of the world. The young child of the poor has a hard struggle for existence everywhere; let us hope that the help he is getting from science and better municipal government will continue to increase in good results such as Dr. Lederle adduces. Saving life is never too costly.

A New-Old Newspaper

An interesting event in the world of journalism is the purchase of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" by Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis. This change of ownership will give those who are interested in the development of the newspaper as a powerful engine of national and international civilization an unusual opportunity to see the effect of combining the best that is new with the best that is old in American journalism. The "Public Ledger" was brought by the late George W. Childs, its editor and proprietor for thirty years, into a position of National prominence. It has always been a paper of intellectual dignity, and has never succumbed to the pressure of sensationalism which has had so pernicious an influence upon American newspapers. For many years, for instance, the "Public Ledger" has printed on its editorial page every Saturday morning in the form of an editorial what is really an essay in the realm of ethics or practical philosophy. Mr. Curtis is probably the best-known publisher of periodicals in this country. He is the proprietor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," the "Saturday Evening Post," and the "Country Gentleman." He has shown that it is possible to reach a very large body of readers with high standards of editing and business management. Mr. Curtis is reported to have spoken with interest of the character of the London "Times" under the great editorship of John Delane, under whose direction the "Times" built up a corps of foreign correspondents such as no American newspaper has ever possessed. Under this system news was published in the "Times," not because there was a "story" in it, but because there was significance in it. If properly treated, significant news can be made just as interesting to the "man on the street" as the trifling gossip that is often portrayed under enormous headlines. Mr. Curtis has proved this in his periodicals; we hope he will prove it in his daily newspaper. He has a great opportunity, and we cordially wish him success.

Two Poetry Magazines

Within the last few months two magazines devoted exclusively to poetry and the criticism of poetry have been added to the long and lengthening list of American publications. These magazines are modeled somewhat after the "Poetry Review," a young English quarterly whose pages have furnished a convenient battlefield and proving-ground for the critics and poets overseas. One magazine, "Poetry," is published in Chicago under the editorship of Harriet Monroe. The other, the "Poetry Journal," is published in Boston under the editorship of William Stanley Braithwaite. It is still too soon to tell whether these magazines are to win and deserve the enduring regard of that little circle of people who are intimately and vitally devoted to the art of poetry. It is still more doubtful whether they can ever reach even the fringes of that great world of men and women who are out of touch with the purpose and spirit of present-day verse. The experiment, however, deserves the respect and attention of all those who are working and hoping for a more understanding appreciation of the dignity and worth of modern poetry. Those who believe that we are at the dawn of another creative era, as significant as that which ushered in the nineteenth century, should consider the appearance of these magazines as an encouraging sign. No one should grow discouraged if these "signs" seem at first "little bigger than a man's hand." "Poetry," the Chicago magazine, has been endowed for five years with an annual income of five thousand dollars. The "Poetry Journal" has ventured into the world upon its own feet. Whether the endowed or the private enterprise is to possess the greater vitality it would be difficult to judge from their respective tables of contents and the list of their contributors. The late William Vaughn Moody, Rabindramath Tagore, and William Butler Yeats have been represented in the pages of "Poetry." Poems by Yeats, Madison Cawein, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, and the lamented Francis Thompson have appeared in the "Poetry Journal." Moreover, the "Poetry Journal" has prom-

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ised to publish something from the pen of Edwin Arlington Robinson. If it can persuade Mr. Robinson to break his silence with even a single offering, it will have more than justified its existence. If these two magazines can be conducted in the spirit of the quotation from George Edward Woodberry which is republished in the "Poetry Journal," they will go a long ways towards filling a great National need:

> The notion that poetry is a thing remote from life is a singular delusion; it is more truly to be described as the highway of our days, though we tread it, as children tread the path of innocence, without knowing it. Nothing is more constant in the life of boy or man than the outgoing of his soul into the world about him, and this outgoing, however it be achieved, is the act of poetry.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

At the base of New York City's dock problem, some aspects of which were presented in an editorial last week, lie two unescapable facts. Ships are already under construction longer than any dock available at the port of New York for their reception. Longer docks must be provided, or the port of New York will suffer. This is the first fact.

The second is that the fairway of the Hudson River at the point where the main group of docks for transatlantic liners is situated is already quite as narrow as it should be for safety and convenience of navigation. The evidence on this point was given in our former editorial.

In a word, the port of New York must have longer piers, and it must not have a narrower Hudson. The problem, which demands prompt solution, is to fill the need for longer docks without narrowing the river.

The solution desired by steamship companies and by the Harbor Commissions of both New York and New Jersey takes care very well of the first half of the problem, but it ignores the second half. It is proposed on the New Jersey side to push the pier-head line fifty feet farther into the fairway at almost its narrowest point; on the New York side to allow the temporary hundred-foot extensions of the piers in the Chelsea improvement below Twenty-third Street to be made permanent.

The undesirability of further narrowing the fairway was recognized in 1857 by a New York State Board of Engineers. But since that time the fairway has been narrowed by successive encroachments five hundred feet. During the past nine years four Secretaries of War have refused to permit the pier-head line to be moved farther into the river. The last of them, Secretary Dickinson, closed his refusal with the words, "This decision must be considered final and irrevocable."

With these words the discussion should be closed for all time. The matchless waterways of the port of New York should be inviolate at a point where further encroachments, considered from the point of view of the port and of the public interest, can only do harm.

But the question may be asked, Do not these encroachments provide the only way to prevent the thousand-foot liners now under construction from seeking elsewhere for a port? The answer is unequivocal: Not the only way, merely the cheapest way.

Docks long enough for any steamer now under construction can be built on both the New York and the New Jersey shores without pushing the pier-head line farther into the Hudson. On both sides of the river below its narrowest point are long, shallow incurvings of the shore line. The pier-head line, instead of following this curve as at present, can be run straight across the chord of the arc without cramping the fairway or undesirably affecting the current of the river. It is only fair to say that this straightening of the lines on both sides of the river is included in the proposals of the steamship companies and the State and municipal bodies; but in those proposals it is linked with the extension of the pier-head lines into the river at its narrowest point.

This straightening of the line on the New Jersey side (combined, in the case of one steamship company, with the blasting out of the rock which obstructs the shore end of its dock) would give all the accommodation that the steamship companies there now require. On the New York side a similar straightening of the line would permit the building, in the neighborhood of Desbrosses Street, of enough piers over a thousand feet in length to serve the needs of the steamship companies for years to come. In addition, in the stretch above Forty-second Street piers twelve hundred feet long can be built without any relocation of the pier-head line.

With these possibilities in view, the proposed narrowing of the fairway, as has already been said, is not the only way, it is merely the cheapest way. To build the

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necessary long docks in these situations would require large expenditure by the city (sure, however, in the long run to prove profitable investments); and, on the part of those steamship companies building longer ships, the inconvenience and expense involved in moving and readjustment.

But for the city, the State, and the Nation to unite in action perfectly certain to be detrimental to the permanent interests of the city as a great world port, and hence detrimental to the interests of the State and the Nation which it serves as their premier port, would be criminally short-sighted.

New York City has before it a vivid example of the disadvantages of so short-sighted a policy. For years the city authorities permitted, or at least winked at, persistent encroachments beyond the stoop line on Fifth Avenue. At length, when the traffic on that street had crowded it insufferably, the city was forced to compel the removal of the intruding structures and the restoration of the avenue to its original proportions at great trouble and expense.

The North River is the Fifth Avenue of the Port of New York. How much better to keep it free from encroachments now than to wake up at some future time to the discovery that this magnificent thoroughfare has become inadequate in proportions, swift and tricky in current, crowded, cramped, and dangerous.

We hope, and from his attitude at the recent hearing on the subject we are inclined to believe, that the Secretary of War will stand firm against these proposals to sacrifice the public interest and the future to private interests and present economy. We are glad to note that at the same hearing Mayor Gaynor expressed himself as in sympathy with Mr. Stimson's suggestion that the Board of Estimate of the city take affirmative action (as it has already by resolution approved the future policy of utilizing the site above Forty-second Street) toward building the necessary long piers in the Desbrosses Street section. We hope that his associates on the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will take the same far-sighted view. And we hope no less earnestly that the steamship companies will realize that no course which tends to impair the unparalleled advantages offered by the waters of the Port of New York can be permanently for their advantage, no matter how agreeable it may be to their pocketbooks at the present moment.

TACT, TASTE, AND LIBEL

There are newspapers which are not expected to tell the truth. They do not exist for the purpose of telling the truth. They exist for the purpose of creating sensations. They belong in the same category with those thrilling devices which enable seekers of sensation to bump the bumps and shoot the chutes. They are a form of mental fireworks. There is some ground for arguing that they occasionally serve a useful purpose. They have sometimes startled a lethargic public into action that has not been without beneficent results. They have often done this by telling the truth. But the stimulus has not been the truth, but the sensation. We expect such newspapers to be unscrupulous. The very name that has been given to this class of newspaper, "yellow journalism," is a form of judgment upon their moral character.

There are other journals of which most people expect better things. Some of these not only assume the appearance of virtue, but openly profess virtue. Such newspapers are sometimes unscrupulous. Some of them are habitually unscrupulous. But their readiness to misrepresent for the sake of gaining their own ends is cloaked by the guise of respectability.

There are still other journals which are thoroughly conscientious and scrupulous. If they misrepresent, it is through error and not through desire. If they make a serious mistake on any material matter, they are willing to acknowledge their mistake and, so far as possible, correct the error.

Recently a journalist from England attempted to enter this country. He was detained by the immigration authorities because he had been convicted of libel. Immigrants who have been prosecuted and convicted of a merely political offense are not debarred from the United States. Only those convicted aliens are shut out whose offense has involved moral turpitude. This journalist, Mylius by name, had been convicted of circulating a derogatory story about the King of England. His case was appealed to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who decided adversely to him. The question that the Secretary of Commerce and Labor had to decide we do not attempt to try over again in these pages. The question of Mylius's innocence or guilt of the charge against him is a matter of evidence. If he was guilty of circulating a slanderous

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and baseless story, he comes within the provision of the law that excludes certain types of aliens. The law may be severe, but it is the law. Perhaps we ought to admit immigrants who have been guilty of crimes involving moral turpitude, providing they are ready to reform. That, however, is not the question. The incident would not be of great importance except for the comments that it brought out in the American press. These comments have served to reveal the journalistic standards in many an editorial office.

This man who was convicted of slander has been defended by the New York "Evening Post." That newspaper is one which not only has the appearance of virtue, but professes it. At the head of its editorial column it keeps standing the statement that its design is "to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature." This is a lofty profession. That newspaper defends the English libeler, not at all on the ground that he was innocent of the charge, for the New York "Evening Post" admits that this libelous attack on the King was, "as the evidence adduced tended to show, baseless." No, it defends this man distinctly on the ground that the circulation of the slander was "in the nature of a political act." The circulation of this story, the New York "Evening Post" says, would have involved moral turpitude if its publication had been with a view to blackmail; but it was just plain, baseless slander. To slander a king, the "Evening Post" acknowledges, was "in execrable taste." But, says the "Evening Post," "the violation of good taste in political fighting is not a crime." This is a naïve revelation of the journalistic standards of the respectable paper that professes "to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics." There is no moral turpitude, according to the New York "Evening Post," in circulating a slander about a man provided it is done with a political aim. Every reader of the New York "Evening Post" ought to be grateful to it for thus acknowledging its own standards of political discussion. Its readers have now had fair warning that the "Evening Post" does not regard as morally reprehensible slanderous attacks upon those with whom it politically disagrees. If the "Evening Post" should falsely attack a king, it would have to acknowledge that this attack was "in execrable taste." But it can falsely accuse political opponents to its heart's content without any consciousness of violating a moral principle.

Many of the readers of the "Evening Post" who have followed its editorial course will not be at all surprised at the nature of this confession; but we believe that there are a great many readers of the "Congregationalist and Christian World" who will be surprised that in an editorial statement with regard to this case that religious paper should have set up no higher journalistic standards than those of the New York "Evening Post."

Like the "Evening Post," the "Congregationalist" does not defend the journalist Mylius on the ground that he was innocent, for it says that the libel "was shown in court to be without foundation;" and it admits that the publication of this libel "was untactful in a British subject." But it adds. "Probably he has learned something from the experience, and at least failure in tact and repetition of gossip are not punishable offenses in a democracy." Attempting to steal a man's purse we suppose the "Congregationalist" would regard as a crime, but attempting to steal his good name—which is accounted greater than riches—it puts in the category of tactlessness.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is an ancient commandment. We now know on the high authority of the New York "Evening Post" and the "Congregationalist" that at least one commandment of the decalogue is not for the preservation of morals but for the development of good taste and tactfulness.

THE BALKAN SUCCESS

"According to that great leader, Napoleon," says General Kuropatkin, "three-quarters of an army's success in war is due to the moral character of its soldiers."

This repeats, in a different form, a sentiment attributed to Constantine in the fourth century, who is reported to have been converted to Christianity by the discovery that the Christians were better soldiers, man for man, than the pagans.

The victory of the Balkan peoples, like the victory of the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese War, attests the truth of Napoleon's saying. Japan proved that Russia is not invincible. The Balkan peoples have proved that the Turks are not invincible. In

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truth, history may be said to have demonstrated that no oppressive despotism is invincible if the subject peoples unite under wise leadership and, equipped with a courage that hesitates at no cost, give battle to the oppressor. What has made the Turk for the last quarter of a century apparently invincible in Europe was the fact that Greek, Montenegrin, Servian, and Bulgarian were not able to lay aside their race and religious prejudices and unite in the campaign against the Turk. What has driven the Turk from the Balkan States is the fact that these four peoples have laid aside their race and religious prejudice and united to secure for themselves and their descendants civil and religious liberty.

Even if the war is temporarily renewed under the fiery impulse of the revived ascendency of the Young Turks, the end cannot be anything but disaster to Turkey.

Now that there are reasonable grounds for hoping that the war is over and the Turkish yoke is broken, will the Balkan States be able to continue united? Have they really buried their mutual suspicions and jealousies in the resolve to co-operate for the common welfare, or have they only laid aside their suspicions and their jealousies until the immediate object sought by the war has been accomplished?

The emancipation of Italy was followed by the unification of Italy, thanks to the statesmanship of Cavour and of Victor Emmanuel, and the growing nationalism of a before provincial people. Will the emancipation of the Balkan States be followed by the unification of the Balkan States? If so, this revolution will have made a change in European history perhaps not less important and certainly not less significant than that which was produced by the creation of the Kingdom of Italy. It is probably too much to hope that these four States will straightway unite in one Empire. It is not too much to hope that they will become in fact, if not in form, a federation of States, recognizing that the interest of one is the interest of all, and an injury to one is an injury to all. Their self-restraint in the hour of victory, no less than their courage in bringing on the war, gives reason for this hope. Their self-restraint in not pressing on to Constantinople, no less than their resolute courage in insisting upon the surrender of Adrianople, indicates capacity for self-government. Courage and prudence united constitute a partnership difficult to overcome, and the Balkan States have shown both courage and prudence.

It is too early yet to predict the final outcome of the war in the Balkans. It is not too early to express a hope as to that result. We hope:

That the Balkan States will receive an indemnity at least equal to the amount of debt imposed upon them by Turkish misgovernment, a debt for which they must assume responsibility.

That Constantinople will either become a free city, or, if it remains a Turkish city, will be brought under such a degree of European supervision as will insure justice to all its heterogeneous population.

That the Dardanelles will be opened to free commerce, and Russia find through them a free passage to the Mediterranean.

That Servia will secure a port which will enable her to satisfy her reasonable commercial aspirations, and the islands of the Ægean Sea, which are in their history and in their inhabitants essentially Greek, may become a part of the Kingdom of Greece.

That the four Balkan States may be able, in spite of race and religious prejudice, to unite for their common welfare as they have united in brave battle for their common protection.

THE VOYAGE

A crew find themselves on a steamer in mid-ocean. They do not know where they came from, whither they are going, or why they are there. Science, Philosophy, and Religion begin a simultaneous investigation.

Science studies the ship and its equipment. It discovers in the bow a wheel, and that when the wheel is turned the ship alters its course. Science concludes that the use of this wheel is to direct the course of the steamer. It discovers in front of the wheel a movable disc or plate beneath glass. When the steamer changes its course, this movable disc changes, so that the arrow-head upon it always points in the same direction, no matter in what direction the steamer is going. Science concludes that the use of this movable disc is to let the wheelman know whether he has altered his course and how great the alteration has been. In this fashion Science patiently goes through the steamer studying every part of its equipment to learn the nature and use of everything upon it.

Philosophy accepts the report of Science;

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but it is not satisfied merely to know the use of each particular object. It wishes to know the use of the voyage. It seeks to correlate the various conclusions of Science, to adjust its various discoveries, to fit their several parts together in a connected whole, and to give the crew some light upon the larger questions which they are asking: Where did we come from? Where are we going? Why are we here? Had the master and fitter-out of this ship any purpose in making it and starting us upon this voyage? If so, was that purpose good or evil? Or was it partly good and partly evil? Did he fit us out as a pirate ship to prey upon our fellow-men, or as a ship of commerce to minister to our fellow-men? Science asks what is the use of each particular thing. Philosophy asks what is the use of the whole—ship, crew, voyage.

Religion asks, What are the duties of the crew? What do they owe to the ship? What do they owe to each other? What do they owe to the owner and master of the vessel? How ought the crew to use the provisions which Science has discovered stored in the ship? How ought the members of the crew to use each other? How ought they to direct the voyage? And, assuming that the owner and master is a moral as well as an intelligent person, how can they cooperate with him to carry this voyage through to a successful issue?

Thus: Science investigates; Philosophy reflects; Religion resolves. Science deals in things; Philosophy in life; Religion in conduct. Science develops the observation; Philosophy develops the reason; Religion develops the affections and the will. The object of Science is positive truth; the object of Philosophy is a developing wisdom; the object of Religion is noble purposes.

These three departments of life, presided over by Science, Philosophy, and Religion, are not as clearly distinguished in fact as they here are on paper. They overlap one another. The scientist may be a philosopher; both the scientist and the philosopher may be devoutly religious. But Science is not Philosophy, and neither Science nor Philosophy is Religion. When, for example, the scientist tells Religion that biology has demonstrated, beyond all possibility of question, that each individual man has passed before his birth through successive stages of animal life, Religion accepts his discovery without objection. When Philosophy tells him that probably his conscience, his reason, and his affections were developed in prehistoric ages from his animal ancestors, Religion receives that information also without objection. For the question of Religion is not where did his eye and ear and brain come from, nor where did his conscience, his affections, and his will come from, but this: Now that he has eye and ear and brain, now that he has conscience, affections, and will, what shall he do with them? For all questions of Religion are questions of conduct—not questions of scientific fact, nor questions of philosophical theory.

So when Science and Philosophy combine to tell man that the old philosophers were mistaken in supposing that the ship in which he is embarked was made in six days, six thousand years ago, by a process of manufacture; that, on the contrary, it is practically certain that it was produced by a gradual process of development operating through unnumbered ages, this joint conclusion of Science and Philosophy Religion can also accept with entire equanimity. For the problem of Religion is not when or where or how the ship was launched, but what the crew ought to do with it.

But when an atheistic philosopher tells man that there is no master and owner, or an agnostic philosopher tells him that it does not make any difference whether there is a master and owner or not, that we never can tell or even approximately guess and had better give up the quest, Religion refuses to accept their counsel of despair. For Religion is sure that the strongest and most enduring motives cannot be supplied and the highest character cannot be developed without a vital faith that this unknown voyage on which this crew are embarked has a purpose in the mind of the master and owner, and that without that faith it is difficult to bear the burden of the voyage with patience and impossible to fulfill the duties of the voyage with a joyous enthusiasm. And Religion tests all the theories, whether of Science or Philosophy, by their effect on conduct and character.

If the reader will bear in mind this simple distinction between Science, Philosophy, and Religion, he will find, not all his doubts solved nor all his difficulties removed, but he will find removed those doubts and difficulties which are due to the attempt of Science and Philosophy to dictate to Religion, and not less due to the attempt of Religion to enter the domain of Science and Philosophy and dictate to the one what it may discover and to the other what it may think.

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THE PANAMA PROBLEM

A POLL OF THE PRESS

"THE Panama Canal is the property of the people of the United States," affirms the Los Angeles "Express." "It represents American initiative, perseverance, and grit. It has been constructed over exclusively American territory at an initial outlay of practically $400,000,000, paid, every dollar of it, out of the treasury of the Government of the United States."

This is all true, yet "the British Government bases a diplomatic protest on the theory that the United States lacks jurisdiction to impose on British or other foreign shipping tolls not similarly imposed on vessels flying its own flag."

HISTORY

The protest causes us to recall a time when we could not have owned an isthmian canal because of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, which contained this paragraph:

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal."

That was our bargain under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. "It was all very well for its time," as the Milwaukee "Sentinel" reminds us, "but three generations later conditions were materially changed. Our bargain against exclusive control became very inconvenient. But it was a bargain." The "Sentinel" continues:

> So how to obtain and trade for a release from that bargain became the question when it came to pass that we wanted to construct and exclusively control an isthmian canal of our own.
>
> England proved no hard or unfriendly bargainer.
>
> By a new treaty, the Hay-Pauncefote, of 1901, she released us from the inconvenient bargain of 1850. She surrendered her treaty rights, but with the following stipulation, which we heartily accepted:
>
> > The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules [rules for neutrality] on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.
>
> That was the consideration for which Great Britain released us from our agreement.

The British protest, as presented by Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, rests on two points:

First, that in interpreting the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty must be considered also; that thus it will be clear that the British Government retained for itself—as compensation for giving to the United States the right to construct the Canal independently—the guaranty of equal treatment for its ships using the Canal.

Second, that if any American vessels are granted the free use of the Canal, British ships using it will be compelled to bear more than a proper share of the cost of the Canal's upkeep and interest charges on its cost of construction; that this violates the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which declares that all charges made by the United States for the use of the Canal shall be just and equitable.

TREATY INTERPRETATION: AMERICAN

"This country," says the Philadelphia "Inquirer," "is persuaded that its full duty under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty has been discharged when all foreign nations have been accorded equal rights." Thus, in the language of the Detroit "Free Press," the Canal Act becomes "a purely American question. Many organs of public opinion in this country declare that "all nations" does not include the United States, but in any event that if American coastwise commerce were exempted from Canal tolls the treaty would still be observed, as none but American ships may engage in such traffic and thus there would be no discrimination against foreign ships. In the "Editorial Review," for instance, Mr. Lewis Nixon argues that the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty does not bind us to impose the same tolls upon our own shipping that we do upon the shipping of other nations, but merely to maintain uniformity and impartiality of treatment toward all foreign nations. It is, he says, only by great twisting that the treaty can be construed to mean anything more than the latter.

In further interpretation President Taft has pointed out that the rules specified in the treaty were adopted by us as the "basis of the neutralization of the Canal and for no other purpose." He argues that "the British protest leads to the absurd conclusion that this Government, in constructing the Canal, maintaining the Canal, and defend-

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ing the Canal, finds itself shorn of its rights to deal with its own commerce in its own way, while all other nations using the Canal in competition with American commerce enjoy that right and power unimpaired." Thus, according to Mr. Taft, the British protest is really a proposal to read into the treaty a surrender by our Government of its right to regulate its own commerce in its own way.

Sir Edward Grey is continually referred to as "Earl Grey" by the New York "American" in a long editorial from which we quote a paragraph:

Earl Grey, as every English spokesman has done before him, insists upon construing the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty in the light of and by the spirit of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Article I of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty distinctly says: "The high contracting parties agree that the present treaty shall supersede the aforementioned convention of April 19, 1850." Neither the American Government nor any American citizen believes for a moment that the Panama Canal could not have been built by this country without the consent of England. The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was not a necessity, but a friendly convenience to the commerce of both countries. Lawyers and statesmen as able and experienced as William M. Evarts and John Sherman, both Secretaries of State, declared that America could have builded the Canal in spite even of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which they both denounced. And no sound statesmanship could doubt the American right to build and operate independently under the Hay-Pauncefote convention. The best and the soundest and the most resolute construction of the treaty in this country is that the "equality of terms and conditions" applied to "all nations" other than our own, and that we reserve and shall reserve the right to operate our own property, on our own territory, to our own advantage, as men and nations operate every other private property in the world.

Not so, says the New York "Sun."

Under the old Clayton-Bulwer Treaty we could not have built and controlled the Panama Canal without the equal participation of Great Britain. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was a perpetual contract not terminable except by the consent of both parties. Great Britain relinquished her rights under that treaty, and the consideration we paid for her consent to its abrogation was contained in the specific stipulations of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. This is likewise a contract which may not be terminated honorably by us without Great Britain's consent. The exemption by legislative act of our coastwise trade from Canal tolls, and the exception of the entire American coastwise traffic from the computation of expense on which is based the rate charged to other nations for the passage of their vessels, constitutes a discrimination which we have bound ourselves not to make. It was a hasty and unfortunate piece of legislation, and the protest is justified by the common principles of honesty and good faith.

"Beware of alleged patriots who say we may do with our own as we please, and that we are not to be dictated to. Such persons are merely masquerading as patriots—are, in fact, false to every principle of sound Americanism." Thus the New York "Globe." It adds:

The Hay Pauncefote Treaty, whose provisions are expressly confirmed by the later treaty with the republic of Panama, says that the shipping of all nations passing through the Canal shall pay the same tolls. The provision is as plain as language could make it. But certain American shipping interests, anxious to get their hands into the public treasury, were able to lobby through Congress a bill which assumes that we may insert a new word in the treaty—that its true meaning is not "all nations," but "all other nations." If the word "other" is not inserted in the treaty, the Panama Canal toll act is in plain violation of the treaty, for it discriminates in favor of one class of American shipping.

Hence protests the Milwaukee "Sentinel:"

Here clearly is a contract on our part for equal treatment for the ships of "all nations." Not "all other nations," mark you, but "all nations." So, if language means what it says, and the word of this Nation is to pass current at its face value, there must be no shyster's quibble to the effect that when we said "all nations" we did so with a mental reservation excepting this Nation.

To this the New York "Times" adds:

That the imposition of tolls upon foreign trading vessels and the exemption therefrom of our own vessels constitute a discrimination within the meaning of the treaty is, or ought to be, self-evident. . . .

Our promises are such as honest men in private life would feel bound to keep. They are also such as, in business, the law would enforce. To say, in excuse for our violation of them, that they concern only the affairs of the Nation is no more honorable than it would be for a private citizen to evade a contract on the ground that it related solely to his own purse. No court would admit such a plea; no right-minded man would make it.

TREATY INTERPRETATION: ENGLISH

As might be expected, English newspapers of all parties speak in reprobation of our Government, in what they consider its attempt to repudiate treaty obligations, though on the morning following the publication of Sir Edward Grey's protest in the form of a Parliamentary paper, only one newspaper printed the full text, the others contenting themselves with summaries. As to the claim of some American critics that the matter is a purely

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domestic question, and therefore not in the province of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the Westminster "Gazette" remarks:

It may be a domestic question between the United States Government and its ship-owners whether the former collectively or the latter separately should pay their share of the cost of the maintenance and working of the Canal, but the proposal to make the foreigner pay must raise an issue under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. If it is insisted that that treaty is valueless, then when we consented to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and restore to the United States the right of constructing the Canal, on what we imagined to be a stipulation of equal treatment for British and United States vessels, we were victims of an illusion. These rules were adopted, said Mr. Hay in his account of the negotiations to the Senate Committee, as a consideration for getting rid of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. If these rules were merely, as President Taft argues, a variable pledge of a conditional favored nation treatment, what consideration did we receive?

Thinking that the seriousness of the British protest is not appreciated in America, the London "Times" says:

The studied courtesy and moderation with which the Secretary of State reiterated our objections to the act and replied to the arguments of President Taft's memorandum are apparently regarded as signifying that the protest was not made in earnest and that it will not be pressed. That is a complete misconception of the despatch and of British opinion.

We have a constitutional dislike to use strong language in diplomatic intercourse. We think it does not add to the strength of a good case, that it is apt to create a state of mind unfavorable to the treatment of controversies with coolness and dignity.

In closing his despatch Sir Edward Grey observes that it was "only with great reluctance" that he and his colleagues felt bound to take objection to the act at all, and that they confined their objections within the narrowest possible limits.

That sentiment is fully shared by the nation. They are sorry that this protest should be made necessary, but they are convinced that it was necessary, and they would have judged the Government guilty of grave dereliction of duty had the Ministers neglected to lodge it. They will expect and require it to be maintained with the firmness which confidence in their rights and knowledge of their interests justify.

They hope for a speedy settlement by diplomatic means, for such a settlement would be to them welcome proof that the readiness to meet American wishes which they have so conspicuously shown on this question is reciprocated.

AGAINST ARBITRATION

"Americans have a perfect right to maintain that Congress never ought to have enacted legislation setting aside, as they say, provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. They have a right to such opinion in spite of the fact that nobody supposes that this Government could be compelled to continue an undesirable treaty after due and orderly procedure to rescind it." So concedes the Philadelphia "Times," and then adds, in harmony with the views of certain other papers:

But they cannot maintain with equal reason that, if Congress does not repeal the toll legislation, then its act ought to be submitted to foreign arbitration. This is no different from saying that the Constitution of the United States could be submitted to arbitration.

Surely nobody, however strongly opposed to canal tolls and however warmly espousing Great Britain's cause in this matter, would maintain that a clause of the Constitution could be submitted to arbitration at The Hague. And surely no President could dream that it would be possible for him to submit an act of Congress to international arbitration, any more than he could submit to arbitration at The Hague the question of whether the people of the United States should be permitted to govern themselves.

The question involved in the proposed arbitration of the act of Congress embraces the sovereignty of the people of the United States. This is a matter that might be determined by foreign powers at the point of the bayonet. It could never be determined with the consent of this Nation.

FOR ARBITRATION

The New York "Sun" reprints from another journal the following headlines:

SENATE OPPOSED TO ARBITRATION BY 60 TO 27.

RIGHT OF AMERICAN SHIPS TO USE PANAMA CANAL FREE OF TOLLS TO BE MAINTAINED BY AMERICAN SENATE EVEN IF TAFT YIELDS IT UP.

NO SUBMISSION TO THE HAGUE IN ANY CASE, THEREFORE—CABINET DIVIDED ON SOME POINTS—KNOX'S REPLY TO ENGLAND DELAYED.

The "Sun's" comment is: "We copy these significant headlines from a newspaper now engaged in the attempt to persuade its readers that it is truly 'American' to repudiate, for supposed future advantage, a solemn international engagement by which our Nation has already gained its share of the reciprocal benefits." The "Sun" adds:

There would be something grotesque, if it were not so shameful, in the idea that the business of repudiating the contract obligations recorded in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty with Great Britain properly belongs to the Senate of the United States.

The Senate is a continuous body. This Senate which is asked and advised to break the bargain is the very same Senate which, as a constitutional part of the treaty-making power, made that very same bargain just eleven years ago next Monday.

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The New York "Tribune" declares:

The dispute turns on the interpretation of a clause in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. It can be settled, therefore, only by securing an authoritative interpretation of that clause. But how can that be obtained? Obviously, by mutual agreement of the two parties to the dispute, or else, failing that, by judgment of an impartial umpire.

The New York "Globe" adds:

We have stood before the world as the proponent and advocate of arbitration and of the settling of international differences according to the great juridical principles which prevail in the internal administration of civilized peoples. We take the back track and weaken our country's wholesome influence when it is possible to say with plausibility that we preach one course and practice another.

English opinion is represented by this phrase from an editorial in the London "Daily Chronicle:" "The whole controversy is so entirely suited to the competence of the Hague tribunal that one hopes it may find its way thither without more ado."

The whole situation is thus summed up by the Los Angeles "Tribune," a paper believing that, having regard to the fact that none but American ships can engage in coastwise traffic, Congress had a legal and moral right to make the exemption:

It chances that in 1908 the United States and Great Britain entered into an arbitration treaty. Included within the scope of that instrument were disputes as to the interpretation of other treaties, save when the points involved were of vital interest or affected national honor. It is contended that when the United States agreed to treat the ships of all nations on equal terms, the term was exclusive, and not inclusive, of its own ships. That interpretation Great Britain disputes.

Does the question constitute one of vital interest or affect national honor, within the meaning of those terms as employed in the arbitration treaty? If it does, we may of course rightly refuse to submit the question to arbitration; if it does not, we cannot honorably refuse to arbitrate the dispute.

There is nothing in the tone or substance of the British remonstrance to provoke ill-feeling. That government is clearly entitled to express its views and to maintain its contentions. The questions at issue are to be decided in the light of reason and not in the heat of passion. On the face of the controversy there is, it must be admitted, room for honest differences of opinion. It should be our business to harmonize those differeuces in an honorable way. There is no occasion why the American eagle should scream or the British lion should roar.

REPEAL?

"To let the law stand as it is would be to advertise to the world our prejudgment of a matter which by our own admission cannot be finally judged by us alone," affirms the New York "Tribune," and hence says that no harm would be done by repealing the law, "for either direct diplomacy or arbitration can surely settle the dispute at an early date; so that if the decision were in favor of our right to discriminate, that provision of the law could be restored before a single vessel passed through the Canal." In any event, adds the New York "Sun," the repeal of the exempting clause is "the quickest way out of a difficulty so gravely affecting the nation's honor and good standing before the world." Similar sentiments characterize the New York "Evening Post," "Globe," and "Herald," the Philadelphia "Ledger," the Springfield "Republican," and the Indianapolis "News."

A SHIP SUBSIDY

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Western Society of Engineers in Chicago recently, Mr. Emory R. Johnson, the eminent expert employed by the President in determining the proper rate of tolls for vessels passing through the Panama Canal, said:

The United States Government should adhere to business principles in the management of the Panama Canal. While tolls should be low enough to permit commerce to derive substantial benefits, and the charges well within what the traffic will bear, business prudence and political wisdom demand that the Canal shall be commercially self-supporting.

To this the Chicago "Inter Ocean" replied as follows:

It is admitted that the Canal, with tolls within what the traffic will bear, will not meet costs of operation for a good many years. That it may pay expenses in ten years is about the best that can be hoped. The attempt to exempt coastwise shipping from tolls delays the day when receipts will cover even costs of operation. It is, in fact, a subsidy to shipping.

This particular method of ship subsidy involves us in an unpleasant international dispute, and exposes us to the charge of violation of solemn treaty engagements.

If it be deemed expedient for the promotion of the general welfare to subsidize coastwise shipping, in order to encourage competition through the Canal for transcontinental traffic, let Congress do so openly, that the country may understand exactly what is doing. Such a course would violate no international engagement and would be dealing with the Panama enterprise on sound business principles.

"So, when we arrive at the truth," concludes the Jacksonville, Florida, "Times Union," we

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find that this patriotic-sounding proposition to exempt American ship-owners from a tax that foreign ship-owners are required to pay means only that Congress has voted to take money out of the pockets of the American people to give to ship-owners."

A STRIKE AND ITS REMEDIES

I—THE CONDITIONS REBELLED AGAINST

THERE is now going on in the city of New York a complicated strike of certain women wage-workers (entirely apart from the strike of workers on men's garments, which involves many thousands, chiefly of men workers), the progress of which will have an important bearing upon many aspects of labor and social legislation. The strike here considered is really three strikes of those who are known in organized labor circles as the "International Ladies' Garment Workers." One is the white goods workers' strike; the second the wrapper and kimono makers' strike; and the third the shirt-waist makers' strike. The shirt-waist strikers, who form one of the three parties in the present general strike in the ladies' garment trade, constitute the same organization that struck a year ago, and about half of the individual waist workers now striking were in the former strike.

What are the reasons for this second strike? what are the abuses or injustices or discomforts to which these garment workers object? what is it they hope to accomplish? what is the attitude of the employers?

One of the strike leaders, a woman of education and independent means who has taken up the work from a profound sense of the need of social justice in the treatment of women wage-workers, has answered these questions for The Outlook as follows:

"We call it, as far as the wrapper and kimono and white goods workers' strikes are concerned, the strike of children and young girls. It is true that the fourteen-year age law is not often broken, but I myself have talked with hundreds of girls who have given their age as fifteen or sixteen and have been at work two or three years. The conditions which have led them to organize are: A very low and uncertain wage; the breaking of the fifty-four-hour law for women (and the nine hours a day for six days a week which the law allows is a tremendously long time for girls of fifteen or sixteen to be working); the unsanitary conditions of many of the shops; the lack of fire protection; a great discrimination in the shops in the giving out of work, which leads to petty tyrannies and jealousies and special animosities against any of the girls who endeavor to better the conditions. Girls of superior intelligence or executive ability who try to organize complaints are specially sought out and punished in a hundred vague ways upon which it is hard to put one's finger. If such a leader among the girls is at all firm in standing for a raise in wages or against lowering of wages, she is immediately discriminated against. She is given work which pays the least, or kept waiting for work, or absolutely dismissed for inadequate reasons, and has no appeal. In spite of the fifty-four-hour law, over and over again in some of the shops these girls are worked from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. In the larger shops the girls do not come in direct contact with the employers, who are often unaware of the rude and obscene language which is used by the bosses, foremen, or examiners towards the girls. The girls who are operators on machines have to pay for their machines themselves out of their wages. I have known of cases where a girl operator had to pay as high as sixty dollars for her machine. Here is a typical case from our records: Sarah A., in this country six months; age eighteen; earns five dollars per week; works from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.; has paid twenty-seven dollars for her machine; parents in this country, also two brothers and a sister; the brothers' age twenty-seven and twenty-one years; both working on street as street peddlers. If this girl is discharged from the shop in which she works, it may be very difficult, perhaps impossible, for her to get the machine for which she has paid, or any return of her payments.

"Last week Mr. Roosevelt made a visit to the district of the strike. Here is the story of one of the girls whom he saw and cross-questioned. She is seventeen years old, earn-

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ing six dollars a week and supporting her mother and two younger children. She works from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. She is buying her own machine, paying for it a certain rate per week, the weekly installment being deducted from her wages. In order to make her little wage go as far as possible she has been walking to and fro from work to save car-fare. On Sundays she has to do all of her own washing, and very often the washing of the others of the family. Her wages are usually paid only once in two weeks, and are sometimes even then held back, so she has to do what she calls 'lend' money (she means borrow money) or get credit at the butcher shop or grocery store, and 'it makes the storekeepers very cross with her.' She was always 'in trouble with the store,' she said. She is typical of other little girls who, from the age of fourteen and fifteen, are working away the entire sunshine period of their lives in these dark, prison-like factories, and are carrying burdens that are too heavy even for grown people—worrying about the rent, worrying where food and clothing are to come from. This particular little girl is a Spanish Jewess; she is bent and narrow-shouldered, and she shows that her tender muscles are already being warped out of shape. She is a typical working-girl. You could tell her anywhere.

"In some of the shops the work is done by sections. After a girl gets through basting the lace on a garment she is making she has to take it to be stitched, and she must have a tag to authorize the stitcher to stitch it for her. In one case that I personally know, the man who supplies this tag was so habitually insulting and obscene in his language to a young girl that she could not stand it, and she found that, by paying a penny to a man who did the stitching, he would stitch it for her without a tag. She preferred to pay a penny of her small wages rather than to submit to insult.

"At present the only means of redress that these girls have is to go from shop to shop seeking for some improvement. This accounts for what appears to be a sort of restlessness. They will say, 'Mother, I think if I try this shop things may be better,' and they change and change, and it is always the same. I am asked why the fifty-four-hour law now in existence does not protect these girls from the overwork I have mentioned. If they knew about the law, could speak the language, could find out where the proper official was, could make their complaints and wait their turns, redress might be possible. But there are not enough factory inspectors to visit all these factory shops and investigate individual complaints. What is needed, and what the strikers are working for, is an organization in each shop with a grievance board and a chairman who can on their behalf appeal either to the employers or to the proper official.

"There are many employers of garment workers in New York City who are encouraging us in every possible way to perfect the organization of unions and to establish these grievance boards, realizing that this establishment of general standards will be of great benefit to them as well as to the workers, and that it will also protect them from the unfair competition of employers who are less scrupulous or less decent. As the employers may be divided into two groups of the scrupulous and unscrupulous, so may the workers also be divided. There are some of the workers against whom, because of ignorance or low moral standards, the better workers need to be protected by a good organization.

"The pathetic situation of some of these workers and their childish groping for improvement, and their inability, because of their life and surroundings, to understand how to better themselves or to appreciate the real spirit of this great movement, are illustrated by an incident that happened during Colonel Roosevelt's visit. One little girl, an Orthodox Jewess, when questioned by the Colonel as to what she hoped to win by the strike, said that as she thought it was wrong to work on Saturday (her Sabbath), she could only make three dollars and thirty-three cents a week, and she hoped that after the strike they would let her work on Sunday instead of Saturday so that she could make more money, as her mother needed it. The amount she hoped to make per week by this great improvement was about four dollars!

"I want to lay emphasis on an important phase of this particular strike. In the form of agreement which we are striving to establish in the shirt-waist makers' strike—the so-called protocol of peace—there is a provision by which the rank and file of the workers as well as the rank and file of the employers in the trade shall 'be brought into court and disciplined for any breaches of faith.' Thus it is the endeavor of the strike leaders and

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their advisers to raise the social and economic condition of the whole body, and to subject the workers themselves as well as the employers to discipline. This is not merely—as has sometimes been the case in strikes—a class struggle. It is a social struggle."

II—THE METHOD OF SABOTAGE

There are two ways of dealing with such conditions as those that exist in the ladies' garment trade. One is by legislation regulated through political action, the other by uncompromising and relentless warfare. Joseph Ettor and Arturo Giovanitti are at the present time the most prominent advocates of the warfare method. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the federated Trades Unions believe in the political method, while the "Industrial Workers of the World," of which Ettor and Giovanitti are the recognized leaders, advocate the warfare methods. Ettor and Giovanitti conducted the strike at Lawrence. They were indicted for inciting to murder and were triumphantly acquitted. On Monday evening of last week they were the chief speakers at a meeting held in Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, the purpose of which was to give New Yorkers an opportunity to hear the doctrines of the Socialists presented and explained. It was really a most interesting and in some respects extraordinary meeting, but the daily press gave it very little attention. A member of the staff of The Outlook who attended the meeting describes it in the following words:

"When I reached Carnegie Hall I found men and women outside on the sidewalk distributing various papers, pamphlets, and circulars, presumably relating to the subject of the meeting. As my purpose was to get as much information as possible about Socialists, their spirit, and their demands, I took a copy of everything offered to me. The hall was filled with an audience that in appearance would not have been out of place at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, two tiers of boxes being filled with ladies and gentlemen, many of them in evening dress. My seat was in the parquet, and the people round about me were manifestly of a thinking type. At the back of the stage, placed like the performers in a minstrel show, was a long row of forty or fifty men, whom I supposed, from their faces and general appearance, were Socialists of the most violent type. A neighbor informed me that these fifty men were Deputy Sheriffs of the county of New York who had been brought there by the head Sheriff in pursuance of his somewhat flamboyant promise made before the meeting to protect the American flag at any cost from the attacks of agitators. The only decorations in the hall were scores of college banners such as one sees at a football game, which hung in profusion over the railings of the balconies and boxes. The Chairman of the meeting was Mr. Graham Phelps-Stokes, President of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, and a member of a prominent, distinguished, and unusually wealthy New York family. Mr. Stokes explained that the purpose of the meeting was not one of agitation, but of education. The Socialist movement, he said, has so rapidly grown in this country that it is not only proper but wise for the intelligent and thinking citizens of New York to try to understand what the movement means. In this I think he is absolutely right.

"The speakers were a Socialist schoolteacher, whose name I did not get; Mr. Max Hayes, an influential labor unionist and recently a competitor of Mr. Gompers for the presidency of the Federation of Labor; Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of 'The Jungle' and the unsuccessful founder of one or more Socialist settlements; Mr. Giovanitti; and Mr. Ettor. The audience was entirely orderly, and the speakers were argumentative rather than denunciatory. They also had what so many reformers lack—a lively sense of humor; and this sense of humor led to one of the most amusing episodes in a public meeting that I have ever seen. Mr. Upton Sinclair, when his turn on the programme came, made an appeal for popular support of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, which is establishing clubs for the discussion of Socialism in the colleges and universities of the country. After his appeal young ladies dressed in white, and with red liberty caps on their heads and red sashes over their shoulders, went among the audience with baskets collecting pledge cards and money gifts for the support of this Socialist propaganda among the colleges. One of these

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young ladies went on the stage and took her basket to Sheriff Harburger, and amidst a roar of laughter and applause, during which I thought the Sheriff looked a trifle sheepish, he deposited a bill in the basket. The liberty-capped Socialist then went down the line of the fifty deputies with her basket, and each man dropped some silver into it which he laboriously dug out of his pocket. Thus the Sheriff and his deputies had the tables turned upon them, and actually supported the cause whose supporters they went to overawe.

"Those good people who are terrified by the word 'Socialism,' in the belief that it represents a perfectly united and harmonious body of men and women who are determined to destroy society, would perhaps have been relieved, if they had attended this meeting, to discover how far from this the real facts are. A copy of 'The People,' the daily newspaper organ of the Socialist Labor party, which was handed to me at the door, devoted much of its space to denunciations of the Industrial Workers of the World quite as severe as any denunciation of capitalism pronounced by Ettor or Giovanitti; there was an equally marked difference of opinion among the speakers on the stage. Ettor and Giovanitti defended 'sabotage;' Mr. Hayes, speaking for Federated Labor, quite as vigorously opposed 'sabotage.' Mr. Hayes advocated political action and the ballot as the only proper and efficient means of producing social reform; Ettor and Giovanitti regarded the ballot as a mere incidental palliative. The audience was evidently divided into two groups, for Mr. Hayes's type of Socialism, which was radically different from Mr. Giovanitti's, was applauded vigorously from one quarter of the hall, while from another quarter of the hall the applause was loudest for Mr. Giovanitti.

"Giovanitti is clearly a remarkable man. He is an Italian, was a student for a while at the Union Theological Seminary, was a Settlement worker, is a poet of more than usual gifts, and his face, appearance, eloquence, and philosophy all mark him as a man thoroughly imbued with a love of humanity and determined to do everything he can for the uplifting of humanity. He may be said to be the Mazzini of labor, but, like Mazzini, his fiery and even lovable zeal carries him to extremes of action which cannot be in the long run effective. His chief function is to rouse public opinion, is to make the comfortable and satisfied uncomfortable and dissatisfied with present social conditions. But as it was Cavour and not Mazzini who finally made a nation out of the Italians, it will be the Lincoln type and not the Giovanitti type that will finally blot out the intolerable conditions under which such laborers as those young girls engaged in the garment-makers' strike now live their lives.

"Giovanitti believes that the human race is divided into two definite classes, between which there can be drawn a sharp and distinct line—the producing or laboring class, and the capitalist class. He believes, and said that evening, that these two classes are at war. He appears to believe that all men of what he calls the laboring class are good, noble, and possess all the actual or potential virtues of good citizens, and that all the men in the capitalistic class are drones and parasites. If his premise were true, his conclusions would be logical, for his conclusions lead him to urge the laborers or producers to make war upon the drones and parasites until the latter are utterly destroyed from the face of the earth. In this warfare he defends 'sabotage'—a French term defining a method of warfare introduced into industrial disputes in Europe with considerable effectiveness. A worker who tries to do the very least that he can and to turn out the poorest quality that he can in his laboring day is availing himself of 'sabotage.' A laborer who takes a bolt out of a delicate machine so that it cannot be used, or disarranges an electric lighting system by cutting the wires so that a factory is put out of business, or throws railway levers so that all trains come to a standstill by the automatic block system, is dealing in 'sabotage.' Giovanitti defends this method of attack by the same process of reasoning that the work of a spy is defended in time of military wars. One of the illustrations which he used in his speech at Carnegie Hall was this: At the time of the Spanish-American War, if an American sailor in the garb of a Spanish sailor had gotten into the turret of a Spanish war-ship and by smashing electric switches had so put the machinery of the Spanish war-ship out of commission that it and its fleet could have been captured by the American ships, he would have been hailed, even if captured and shot, as a hero. Of course if his premise is right, his conclusion is right. If capitalists or if laborers regard their mutual relations as those of two armies fighting on the field of battle to capture positions

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and exact indemnities, then Giovanitti is right, so long as he and his following regard the recognized principles of humanity which now apply to all military wars. But society is not divided into such camps. There is no such sharp line separating two intrenched forces, and therefore Hayes's appeal to the ballot and arbitration is much more likely to succeed than Giovanitti's appeal to the militant spirit of men."

That the operation of arbitration does actually succeed in settling labor disputes and in raising general social standards is illustrated by the protocol or arbitration agreement which is described below.

III—THE METHODS OF PEACE

Nothing that has happened in the industrial world for a long time has been so encouraging and inspiriting as the adoption last week of a Protocol signed by representatives of the striking employees of the dress and waist industry and of the Manufacturers' Association of that industry. The very title of the copy of this agreement sent out by Mr. Julius Henry Cohen, who was largely instrumental in bringing this settlement about, is a signal of hope, for it is formally called "A Protocol of Peace." In a prefatory note to the document Mr. Cohen says:

> The protocol in the dress and waist industry—signed after deliberation—will bring peace and economic order out of anarchy and chaos. Let employers generally take notice. If they will but sit down and reason in conference with the rational representatives of organized labor, dynamite and sabotage will pass out of this land, and diplomacy and voluntary courts of arbitration will take their place. Which is preferable? There is a crisis in our Nation's industrial life. Let us meet it as statesmen, not as anarchists. The reactionaries in both camps—capital and labor—are the real enemies of society. Let us crowd them out. They have no place in an American democracy.

There can be no doubt that in this preliminary treaty there is a genuine and spontaneous attempt between worker and employer to "get together" for their mutual interest. And in this sort of voluntary recognition of community of interest lies the hope of industrial democracy. A notable sign of the spirit in which the preliminary negotiations were carried on is seen in the fact that the very manufacturers in this Association chose as their representative Mrs. Israels, of the Consumers' League, a body which stands above all things for improvement in workers' conditions.

To understand the somewhat complicated difficulties between the various branches of the clothing and white goods trades in New York, it should be remembered that previous to the Protocol four large strikes were going on: first, a strike of workers on men's clothing; second, strikes of the workers in the white goods industries; third, a strike in the kimono and wrappers industries; and, fourth, the strike in the dress and waist industries, to which the Protocol applies. The first two strikes are continuing as we write; and even as regards the third, it should be noted that there are many independent manufacturers who do not belong to the Manufacturers' Association which is a party to the Protocol, that these, for the most part small manufacturers, have organized themselves into a new association, and that they and their employees are not bound by the agreement just made. It is to be hoped that the settlement by protocol will spread through all these labor difficulties, and efforts to that end are being made, with some prospects of success. One interesting development in the recent settlement has been that, as the efforts for peace continued, both the Manufacturers' Association and the labor unions involved received large accessions to their numbers, coming from employers and employees who wanted to benefit by the results expected. In point of fact, the manufacturers, we are informed on excellent authority, positively and forcefully urged the unions to strengthen their membership, and were reluctant to deal with the unions until the latter became strong enough to represent a controlling element among the workers. A strange feature, this, of what on the surface appeared to be a bitter labor war. The explanation is that the manufacturers who have signed the Protocol have to compete with many minor employers of labor in these trades; that they themselves make the higher-priced grades of goods in those trades, and that they want to protect themselves from unfair competition with cheaply made goods turned out by employers who spring up and die out as trade conditions vary, men who have less interest in perma-

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nent betterment of trade, improvement of the class of operators, fair wages, and sanitary conditions.

What has been done and is being done now to establish a better state of things in the kinds of industry involved in the three strikes named above is due largely and primarily to the result of the great cloakmakers' strike two years ago. That famous and cruel labor war ended also in a protocol, rightly described in a newspaper headline before us, "Found—A Protocol that Prevents Strikes." The plan worked. When a reporter of the New York "World" went about the other day asking why the cloak and suit workers did not join the present strike, he received from manufacturer and worker alike always the one answer: "They have the protocol." In the present difficulty, we are convinced, the specific demands made by the many trade unions involved are of comparatively small importance. Really, these are strikes for a protocol.

What was, then, this new way of agreement found two years ago? It had, like the protocol adopted last week, for its chief provisions the establishing of a Board of Arbitration, a Grievance Committee, and a Board of Sanitary Control. The first was made up of three members, one named by the manufacturers, one by the union, and one chosen as a representative of the public; the second was made up of ten members, half named by the employers, half by the unions, and to this board were submitted minor grievances which might not need arbitration; the third was made up of seven members, two named by the employers, two by the unions, and three to represent the public—notice here the large representation of the public, and the recognition of a general public interest in labor wars. The other most important provision of the cloakmakers' protocol was what is called the preferential union idea, which means that union working conditions, hours, and wages should prevail, and that union men should be employed in preference, but that the employer may choose between union men according to his judgment, and is free to hire non-union men if he cannot meet his wants with union men. The new protocol adopted last week follows all these lines, but has two new features, the outcome of experience in the cloak industry. They are worth looking at closely because they prove the tendency to settle minor disputes right in the shop as they arise, with Grievance Committees and Arbitration Boards in the background as a sort of court of appeal. Just this is what has actually happened in the cloak and suit industry. The very existence of the two judicial boards makes it rarely necessary to appeal to them. Usually, if a difficulty arises, the employer appoints what is technically called a "clerk," and the union appoints some one to talk to him; they go into the shops and test the thing practically, and in the vast majority of cases the matter is settled then and there.

Now, the new provisions of the Protocol try to extend this trouble-saving system. A Wage Scale Board (four men named by employers, four by the union) is to standardize prices for piece and day work, to fix a scientific basis for a minimum wage in the industry, and to appoint "clerks" and labor representatives to settle disputes over prices and such matters without appeal to the Boards of Grievances and Arbitration. The second new provision is of wide public importance. How it may work out time will show; but it seems to be an honest effort to help the consumer, that is, the buyer of the goods, to know that what he—or in most cases she—purchases is made under proper conditions, sanitary and industrial. It is proposed for this purpose to use a white label on each garment, a label which will stand for both the manufacturer and the union and is thus a double certificate of decency.

This plan of settlement, among many other advantages, makes it unnecessary for workers and employers to come together on specific questions of wages and hours, and in most cases such matters are passed over to the boards formed by the Protocol, with, however, tentative schedules for discussion and probable approval. How complicated such questions are may be shown by the fact that while in the dress and waist trades there are perhaps five hundred manufacturers of some importance, in the men's clothing trades now on strike there are but nineteen large manufacturers; about three thousand contractors give out the work to the men and handle eighty per cent of that work, and sometimes on one garment thirty men do work individually. In such widely different conditions settlement by squabbling, which is what a strike amounts to, is ludicrously futile. There is only one sensible way out—in broad agreements like the present Protocol, which provides practical methods of mediation and conciliation in the large.

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POETRY AND THE AVERAGE MAN

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

THE habit of reading poetry is one which most people have never acquired. The great wealth of inspiration and happiness latent within the volumes of our poets might almost be classified among our "undeveloped resources." Many otherwise broad-minded men and women honestly regard the realm of poetry as mariners of the fifteenth century regarded the Atlantic Ocean. Their mental maps of that region are dotted with fabulous hobgoblins and fearsome sea-monsters. For them its unknown boundaries are forever shrouded in black and impenetrable fog.

The obvious and actual explanation of the matter is that people do not like poetry because they do not read it, just as the sailors feared the Atlantic chiefly because they had never been beyond sight of land. Superstition, born of ignorance, was as great a hindrance to the discovery of America as the actual difficulties of navigation. I do not mean to imply by this that technical knowledge is not necessary to the highest enjoyment of poetry. Such an idea would be utterly absurd. Of course it requires a more delicately trained ear to catch the subtle cadence of "The Blessed Damozel," to comprehend the intricate rhythm of "The Hound of Heaven," to feel the surging intensity of "When Lilacs last by the Dooryard Bloomed," than it does to understand the obvious movement of "Paul Revere's Ride" or of "Gunga Din." I do insist that while music has her devotees who cannot play a note, and while thousands find delight in painting and sculpture who have never lifted brush or chisel, it seems strange that the simplest and most intimate of all the arts should be left so largely to the tender mercies of dry-as-dust scholarship and the deadening guardianship of an exclusive and non-creative cult.

The cause of this neglect is perhaps less obvious than the effect. It may be due to those uninspired teachers of English literature who fling their pupils headlong into poetry, with the terse injunction to "swim or sink." Perhaps it may be justly laid at the doors of the parents who leave their children paddling among nursery jingles when their active young minds are sighing for other and deeper seas to conquer. Nursery rhymes certainly possess a definite literary value, but between the child who loves them because he is *naïf*, and the grown-up who enjoys them because he appreciates the *naïf*, there is a great gulf fixed. Though I like to read about "Simple Simon," I am no longer satisfied to fish for whales in a bucket. The growing mind requires material to bridge that difficult period of transition, or the primitive delight of the normal child in cadence and rhyme soon finds an early and unregarded grave. On second thought, the wonder is that any poetic imaginations survive this domestic neglect and the crop-cramming ministrations of our educational systems, rather than that so many should perish by the wayside.

The effect of this inability of the great reading public to enjoy poetry is twofold. It means spiritual starvation, or at least spiritual malnutrition, for the public, and has occasionally meant physical starvation for the poet. But this neglect has quite as bad an effect on the output of poets as upon their income. It has convinced some that they must stoop, intellectually and spiritually, to win bread, butter, and applause; and it has narrowed the vision of others to a constricted circle of non-creative critics, occupying in the literary world much the position of a certain historic fly on a certain historic chariot wheel. The poet who "stoops" to win readers is like the man who "talks down" to children. He proves, not their incapacity to understand, but his own inability to interpret and explain. The highest poetry is almost as simple, as comprehensible, and as vital as the parables of Christ. As for the poet who is forced to measure his achievement by his technical dexterity rather than by the growth and development of this power of interpretation, he certainly suffers equally with his more "popular" brothers.

It is this relation between popular neglect, or, more accurately, popular misunderstanding, and the work of the living writers of poetry that concerns us most vitally. Poets of the past, strong enough (to borrow a pun from Francis Thompson) "to spike the cannons of criticism," or human enough to have woven their souls into the great fabric of our national consciousness, are safely immortalized in printer's ink. If we neglect them, it is to our own hurt, not theirs. A future

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generation, wiping away the dust that covers their long-silent pages, will find them as clear of voice and vision as when they walked the earth. But our modern poets are still in the making—or the marring. To some extent we can influence the manner of their singing by the method of our reading. Still more vitally can we influence the matter of their songs by our thoughts and ideals. When readers learn that poetry was made for man, and when the critical cults learn that man was not made for poetry, it may serve to moderate the condescending aloofness of both; to give to the one a deeper spiritual understanding, and to the other a broader comprehension of humanity.

Three modern poets closely in touch with the significance of life are John Masefield, Herman Hagedorn, and T. A. Daly. It would be easy to classify them as realist, romanticist, and, in the secondary sense of the word, humanist. Unfortunately, such a critical pigeonholing of poets has frequently led to pigeonholing their poetry as well. To call a man "a late Victorian" or an "Early Chaldean" may gratify a certain intellectual vanity; it has no bearing at all upon our active enjoyment of the poet under discussion. The critic who attempts to sum up an epoch in an epigram is the worst enemy of literature. He enables people who have never gone beyond "An honest man's the noblest work of God" to talk glibly of the classicism of Pope, and those who never saw "the young idea" shooting upon its native heath to talk fluently concerning the romantic element in Thomson. Such critics remind one of the naturalist described by Thoreau, whose book "was a catalogue of God's property kept by a clerk."

The three poets under discussion differ as widely as the name tags which I have declined to bestow upon them. In matter and manner they have nothing in common. Yet the writings of each are animated by a kindred faith in the joy and reality of life. Masefield describes his life-work as a

> "... quest of that one beauty
> God put me here to find. ..."

Both Hagedorn and Daly might justly employ the same phrase.

Masefield himself, notwithstanding this high ideal, is distinctly uncertain both in craftsmanship and feeling. "The Everlasting Mercy" [1] and "The Widow in the Bye Street" are poetic in purpose rather than in treatment or theme. Yet, despite their occasional crudeness of form and frequent harshness of diction, they move with a rapidity and an intensity that are surprising. Perhaps they should be called rhymed stories rather than narrative poetry. More in keeping with the spirit of his creed, yet still uneven in actual execution, is his latest work, "Dauber." [1] For sheer naked power of description it would be hard to find the equal of the storm scenes of this poem.

Since the storm scenes are too long for quotation, these lines from "Biography" may give some conception of the intensity of his devotion to the ocean and the ships that move thereon:

"By many waters and on many ways
I have known golden instants and bright days:
The day on which, beneath an arching sail,
I saw the Cordilleras and gave hail;
The summer day on which in heart's delight
I saw the Swansea Mumbles bursting white,
The glittering day when all the waves wore flags
And the ship Wanderer came with sails in rags;
That curlew-calling time in Irish dusk
When life became more splendid than its husk,
When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains;
The dawn when, with a brace-block's creaking cry,
Out of the mist a little barque slipped by,
Spilling the mist with changing gleams of red,
Then gone, with one raised hand and one turned head;
The howling evening when the spindrift's mists
Broke to display the four Evangelists,
Snow-capped, divinely granite, lashed by breakers,
Wind-beaten bones of long since buried acres;
The night alone near water when I heard
All the sea's spirit spoken by a bird;
The English dusk when I beheld once more
(With eyes so changed) the ship, the citied shore,
The lines of masts, the streets so cheerly trod
(In happier seasons), and gave thanks to God.
All had their beauty, their bright moments' gift,
Their something caught from Time, the ever-swift."

No one would be hardy enough to deny the beauty of such work as this. A still more intimate tribute to the vanished glories of the sea is to be found in "Ships:"

[1] The Everlasting Mercy. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

[1] The Story of a Round House. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.30.

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"You should have seen, man cannot tell to you,
The beauty of the ships of that my city.
That beauty now is spoiled by the sea's pity;
For one may haunt the pier a score of times,
Hearing St. Nicholas bells ring out the chimes,
Yet never see those proud ones swaying home
With mainyards backed and bows a cream of foam,
Those bows so lovely-curving, cut so fine,
Those coulters of the many-bubbled brine,
As once, long since, when all the docks were filled
With that sea-beauty man has ceased to build.

Yet, though their splendor may have ceased to be,
Each played her sovereign part in making me;
Now I return my thanks with heart and lips
For the great queenliness of all those ships."

Such a passage is almost as unforgetable as a seascape from the brush of Winslow Homer; it makes the reader begrudge the time and space that Masefield devotes to other subjects than the ocean. Diluted Alfred Noyes (and it may be remarked in passing that Noyes cannot stand much dilution) is a poor recompense for the loss of such lines as these. I may be wrong to quarrel with Mr. Masefield for singing of fair ladies and dead knights; but what are they against the living lure of the sea?

Less unusual in manner and more conventional in matter is the American poet T. A. Daly. I quite agree with those critics who have obviously remarked that Mr. Daly is not a great poet. I quite emphatically dissent from the opinion that he is no poet at all. To his simple themes he brings a depth of understanding and a sympathetic insight that are both rare and delightful. Mr. Daly is a genuine lover of humanity; a writer who finds light and beauty in the slightest of subjects and the humblest of lives. Much of his best work has been in the Irish and Italian dialect—a fact which seems to have blinded some writers to the charm of his verse. Could anything be more satisfyingly human than such a poem as this, from his recently published "Madrigali:" [1]

"THE LAGGARD IN LOVE

"Oh! Giuseppe da barber ees crazy weeth spreeng!
He's no good een da daytimes for doin' a theeng
But to theenk of da night an' da tunes he weell seeng.
Alla time w'en som' customer gat een hees chair
He's so slow weeth da shave an' weeth cuttin' da hair,
Dat hees boss ain't do notheeng but grumble an' swear.

But Giuseppe no care
For wan blessa blame theeng,
But to play mandolina
Where som' signorina
Weell listen at night to da love-song he seeng.

Com' Giuseppe da barber last nighta too late
To da house of da Rosa an' stan' by da gate,
An' he seeng like Il Gatto dat cry for hees mate.
Soocha playnta love-music, sooch cooin', sooch sighs,
Soocha sounds from da heart—an sooch looka su'prise
W'en he leeft hees face up an' stare eento my eyes
Lookin' down from da wall!
Ah! Giuseppe, your call
Should be starta more earla
For catcha my girla,
For w'en da spreeng's here *I* no workin' at all!"

The gentle humor and kindly shrewdness of priests, the inherent unworldliness of men and women from under foreign skies, the difficulties of simple folk in comprehending a civilization so at variance with their own, these may be homely themes, but they certainly are more vital than the ink-fed fancies of our numerous "Shadrach O'Learys." We have too many "O'Learys" and not enough Dalys in this world.

A poem of Mr. Daly's that needs no introduction is the following. It is almost too true to be comfortable:

"DA POLEETICA BOSS

"Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh';
He w'at you call 'Dago poleetica boss.'
He peeck da best man for da Pres'dant poseesh',
An' show how you vote jus' by maka da cross.
He say: 'Nevva minda w'at som'body tal
W'at dees man or dat man ees goin' do for you.
You no ondrastan' deesa theeng verra wal,
So jus' wait an' see w'at I tal you to do.'

Giuseppe he study an' theenk an' he work
So hard for deescovra w'eech side eesa best,
Ees nobody else een da ceety Noo York
So theen like he gat an' so needa da rest.
Ees holes een hees shoe where da toes ees steeck through;
Hees clo'es dey are look jus' so bad as dey can.
He say: 'Eet ees harda for know wa't to do—
I guess we weell vote for da Democrat man.'

But steell he work hard for be sure he ees right,
An' study som' more; an' so—presto!—wan day
He com' weetha face ees so shiny an' bright,
I see dat at las' he ees find da right way.
He gotta new shoes an' new pants an' new coat,
An' looka so styleesh an' fine as he can.
He say: ''Ees meestak'! We gon' chanja dat vote.
Ees besta for vote for Republica man.'

[1] Madrigali. By T. A. Daly. David McKay, Philadelphia. $1.

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Giuseppe Baratta ees great politeesh';
Hees heart ees so true an' hees brain ees so bright,
He work an' he study, baycause he no weesh
For mak' up hees mind teell he sure he ees right."

Mr. Hagedorn is of still another metal than either Mr. Masefield or Mr. Daly. Gifted with a natural feeling for rhythm and a clear comprehension of vocal values, he has fashioned himself an instrument capable of expressing the finest and most delicate harmonies of sense and sound. In the past, perhaps, his technique has at times outrun the growth of his spirit. His splendid and inspiring "Troop of the Guard," the first poem from his pen to receive widespread attention, is really more meter than matter. His "Woman of Corinth," the glamour of its swift movement disregarded, seems on third reading a little thin. It is only in his latest volume, "Poems and Ballads," that his thought becomes uniformly worthy of its vehicle. We have now few lyric poets who possess his power of expression and his joyful sanity of spirit. To all that he writes Mr. Hagedorn brings a freshness of vision and a depth of understanding that are as welcome as they are rare. Curiously enough, however, the very richness and variety of this latest volume make it a difficult work to grasp as a whole. Individually, the lyrics and ballads are clear and comprehensible; collectively, the effect is confusing. The book is like a handful of unset gems, each specimen remarkable in itself, but in the mass seeming to lack both purpose and design. I believe that this is due to the fact that Mr. Hagedorn has not yet attained a personal style of expression rather than to any indefiniteness of intent. Perhaps, after all, this is an auspicious omen, for it surely means that he is still far from reaching the limit of his capabilities. If I am right, lovers of verse have still much happiness in store for them. The following selections will give some idea of the scope and manner of his newest work. The first few lines of "The Chasm" have almost the sonorous sweep of the beginning of "Kubla Khan." Here it is:

"THE CHASM

"There is a chasm in the world, more dark
Than any carved of rivers and slow Time,
A murky horror in a frosty clime,
Where no sun peers, no pale moon's virgin arc.
There Shame and Fear, twin wolves, forever bark,
Huddling their stolen herd in night and grime,
Forsaken culprits guilty of no crime,
Gnawed, harried, crushed, heart-stricken, hopeless, stark.

Forever moaning *Why?* forever *Why?*
The lost ones err about the gloomy damps.
Too poor, too rich, too young, too frail to blame,
They live obscurely and obscurely die;
For these are they who have burnt out their lamps,
Ere yet they knew what meant the golden flame."

A poem slight in theme but more than delightful in manner is "The Marketplace in Pievenick:"

"At Pievenick in the marketplace
The sun shone down with waning glow,
Where two cab-horses, face to face,
Discussed with ponderous nods and slow
In melancholy ruminations
Time's ravages and shortened rations.
Deserted were the streets; no sound
Broke on the heavy silence round
Save the faint plash of waters cool
From brazen goose-bills, gaping wide;
And tongues of drowsy boys, beside
The wet curb of the shady pool.
Over the square a lone dog crept,
Stretched in the fountain's shade, and slept;
And by the somber Rathaus wall
An old fruit-vendor drowsed and drowsed,
While bees hummed idly in the stall
And roundabout the green flies browsed.
The Clock on the Rathaus pealed the hour,
And a gargoyle droned from the minster-tower:
'We do not heed your foolish tick
In the marketplace in Pievenick.'"

All the deep tragedy of a lost friendship is in these few lines:

"DOORS

"Like a young child who to his mother's door
Runs eager for the welcoming embrace,
And finds the door shut, and with troubled face
Calls and through sobbing calls, o'er and o'er
Calling, storms at the panel—so before
A door that will not open, sick and numb,
I listen for a word that will not come,
And know, at last, I may not enter more.

"Silence! And through the silence and the dark
By that closed door, the distant sob of tears
Beats on my spirit, as on fairy shores
The spectral sea; and through the sobbing, hark!
Down the fair-chambered corridor of years,
The quiet shutting, one by one, of doors."

Surely from such a varied assortment of poets there should be some mental and spiritual food for all! If this review has pointed out at least one new beauty to some one reader, it has been worth while. Otherwise I have merely been playing a game of solitaire when I should have been painting a guide-post!

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THE WASTE OF RETAILING

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A SALESWOMAN

A YOUNG woman not long out of college might properly leave to others the solution of so large a problem as the high cost of living. But, during an experience of over twenty months as an employee in a number of typical retail establishments, an employment undertaken largely for the purpose of getting at the facts, I make free to say that one of the serious elements in this problem is the waste involved in our present method of retailing; and I would like to let you see, as I have seen, the inner workings of some of the institutions through which we get our daily bread.

My first position was that of sales-girl in one of the largest grocery and provision stores of the country. The firm was rated "A 1" by Bradstreet, and the State Factory Inspector also passed it as satisfactory. It employed nearly five hundred men and women, and did a strictly cash business in meats and groceries only. Its annual trade was over five million dollars. It was a partnership.

I worked with this concern from June until October. My hours were from 7 A.M. to 6:45 P.M., and I was paid five dollars a week. From October until the following June I worked there part of the time, *i. e.*, from 3 to 6:45 P.M.

Afterwards I worked in three other cities in small stores and markets. Most of the facts which I present here came under my personal notice; others I gained from investigation and inquiries in other establishments.

These large stores, with their auto deliveries, electric conveyers, pneumatic tubes, modern methods of charging and taking orders, and their division of labor, could and did cover every section of the city with swiftness and accuracy, giving some wards a delivery every hour in the day. In the large stores and markets division of labor was carried to the extreme. For instance, one boy was engaged in putting potatoes in bags. From week-end to week-end he did nothing but fill and empty a peck measure, and carry the filled bags from the dark cellar to the store and the shipping-room. Another boy all day long measured beans, another weighed sugar, another rice; another greased bakery pans and did nothing else. Another washed at a sink all day. One man mixed tea in a dusty room day after day. In the meat room one man cut chops only, another steak, another ham. One man gutted fish, another sliced, and another washed them. The salesmen, as in the dry-goods stores, were fixed in their places. One sold lard, but not butter, though it was within five feet of him; another lemons, but not oranges, though they were only a few feet away.

Remarkable results are gained by this means. Astonishing accuracy and speed are inevitable. I know by sight and by name men who thus perform marvelous feats for a considerable length of time, although, one by one, they are forced out of the ranks by early exhaustion. I know a meat-cutter who on a Saturday has had to cut, without help, over one hundred backs of beef, *i. e.*, fifty cattle sawed into roasts by the muscle in one man's arms; a peeler at the ovens in the bakery who, unaided, in one night has baked six thousand loaves of bread; and a salesman at a counter who has made fifteen hundred sales from 3 P.M. until closing time.

I was placed at work on the bakery counter. It was Monday morning. Willie, a boy in his teens, had charge of us. He was quiet and a hard worker, and he made the girls under him work. "Help clean out those bins. Stay with Pearl; she will keep you busy until the trade comes in." That was my introduction to my superior and my mates.

The bakery was clean; even the pans and smoke pipes and the water pipes were polished and shining. However, there was an offensive smell, which the baker told me was nothing, but I searched until I centered it upon a fifty-pound can of curious sloppy stuff which I learned was eggs. The eggs had been broken from the shell in Manchuria into these cans, then frozen solid, and sent to this country and distributed from New York City. The Government has seized and condemned many tons as unfit for food, yet the bakers still have to use them. I was assured that they answered very well indeed, as the smell all baked out of "rots," and that the only difficulty was that sometimes musty eggs would get in. Then I learned that a rotten egg was useful in

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making cream puffs and a musty egg was not. Sometimes a musty egg would spoil a batch of cake, and Willie would put a half-price sign on it for the bargain-hunters to pick up, which they invariably did.

On Saturday all the broken cakes, cookies, buns, etc., were mixed into the brown bread. During the week, if stale pastry accumulated, all the odds and ends were mixed into one mass with blackstrap molasses and baked into tarts or squares between two layers of crust. All broken bits of crackers were added to the stale pastry barrel until needed.

Willie told me that the counter did not pay, but that it was a good drawing card and used up lots of stuff which otherwise would be thrown away. Moldy prunes were steamed; sugared raisins and currants cleaned; damp flour, which is as good as dry for immediate use, was not allowed to mold; rancid butter was reworked and washed until it was sweet and in good condition; sour milk was not wasted, nor the sugar that settled in the bottoms of the molasses and syrup barrels. A surplus of fish was used to advantage by selling great platters of fried fish. A soda fountain took in for fruit juices any surplus stock of raspberries, etc., etc. All these economies were possible because the store was a large one and could sell anything at any time, which small stores could not do.

The work in the store was frightfully hard. There were never any dull seasons. On stormy days we worked harder than ever, sent from one counter to another, counting, dusting, and arranging the great stock. The employees stayed with the firm on an average just seventeen weeks. A nucleus of old well-paid employees was retained to instruct the ever-changing throng of new employees. Boys and girls and new help were always in demand, because they were able to do all that was required and they would work cheap. A labor cost of from four per cent to seven per cent, according to the season of the year, was maintained, and woe to any department head who was not able to get the required amount of work out of those placed in his charge.

Now, laying aside all social questions involved, and considering it purely from the economic standpoint, it would seem as if all this subdivision of work, swiftness of service, utilization of waste materials, and low cost of labor would materially reduce the cost of living—and indeed it does lower prices to some extent.

As a rule, the large, well-managed stores sell at lower prices than the smaller ones. But the advantages gained by all the efficiency and economy are largely offset by certain elements of waste, one of which arises from a lack of loyalty, morale, and interest on the part of employees caused by a greedy and selfish management. The whole atmosphere is one of "profit regardless." The human element is lacking. The dollar motive is supreme. For instance, it was known that the horses of the firm were never overloaded, overdriven, or worked more than half a day at a time, because horses can be spoiled by too hard work. But the employees were rushed to the limit of endurance for a long day. It was known that the head stableman received more salary than the heads of departments or the superintendent who hired the employees and adjusted the relations of customers and clerks. When accidents happened and legs were broken or arms or fingers crushed, the injured person would receive only a paltry compensation, never decent or just, and often refused altogether. How can it be expected that the best effort and enthusiasm of employees will be enlisted when such a policy prevails, as it too often does?

But a still more serious element of waste arises from downright dishonesty. The management cheats the public through the employees, and logically the employees turn about and cheat the management, and in either event the public pays the bills. Manuel, at the fish counter, has been told to add two quarts of water to every gallon of oysters. Manuel says nothing, but later on for two years the management pays the wholesaler, who has been corrupted through Manuel, for many gallons of oysters which it never receives. When the owner finds that he has been robbed of hundreds of dollars, does he "fire" Manuel? Perhaps, and perhaps not. The boss does not want him to "squeal." He is a good worker. Most often he is retained, and the public continues to buy watered oysters, and Manuel spreads the contagion of dishonesty.

A cheese is cut into pieces weighing about a pound each, and all are sold within an hour under four different names and at four different prices. Canned peas which cost ninety cents a dozen are sold at nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fifteen cents a can—all the same grade. The jobber was willing to put different labels on the same

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goods because he had an order for two carloads.

"Don't want that pie; want your money back?" said Willie. "How much was it? Seven cents? I thought so. What do you expect? The higher-priced ones were beside it. If you want good stuff, why don't you pay for it?"

Later I asked Willie what the difference was between the seven and the twelve-cent prune pie, and he told me that the stones were taken out of the twelve and put into the seven-cent lot. I counted the stones or pits in the pie that the angry woman returned. There were forty-three.

Fred, who had charge of the dried fruit, explained to me that I had better see him when I wanted to buy anything, as he had fixed things in his department so "slick" that I would get trimmed if I ordered as they were offered to the trade.

"Now," said he, "that fifteen-cent evaporated peach and that twelve-cent are out of the same box. The fifteen-cent looks the best because I have rubbed molasses into them. Fifteen cents a pound for molasses and water is pretty good, isn't it? And the funny thing is that they sell three times as fast as those offered at a lower price. See those canned goods marked 'Special value, 11c. a can'?" continued he. "Well, they are all tomatoes, every blooming one, with the labels pulled off. I advertise them as a mixed lot of peaches, tomatoes, pears, etc., and, do you know," he chuckled, "I can sell off forty or fifty dozen cheap tomatoes with a few cans of old fruit. One day I kept a boy busy all day pulling off wrappers from some soap which I sold as a week-end bargain, and got more for it than the regular price."

In one large store where I worked, the proprietor, who, by the way, was prominent in church affairs, got around the State law, which required vinegar to be of a certain standard, in this way: He would have seven or eight casks tapped at the same time, telephone the inspector, have the contents O. K.'d, and later on would say to his counter man, "This last lot of vinegar is too sharp; it will give better satisfaction if we tone it down with water thirty to forty per cent." He was also in the beef business, and it was his practice illegally to use preservaline on his meats. Rancid, tainted meats bathed in preservaline were converted into innocent-appearing articles. Ducks, geese, turkeys, chickens, when they became unfit for sale, were soaked in soda and water, given a last chance to go into the hands of boarding-house keepers, and then, if they still remained, were sent to the bakery, to appear later garnished and brown on the delicatessen counter.

Furthermore, sharp practice on the part of employees is encouraged in order that the department may make a better showing, and the consumer does not benefit by it.

Harris, who had charge of the fruit and vegetable departments, in which twenty men worked, told me gleefully of the profits he had made one morning. "We have been buying fifty to sixty boxes of lettuce a day at thirty cents a box of eighteen heads," said he. "That price just about pays a farmer for washing it and bringing it to the city. Fifty cents is the regular price this time of the year. Well, I have been buying all my lettuce from Jones—fifty boxes a day. To-day I passed Jones without giving him my order. I bought a little elsewhere at forty cents to fill my early orders, and then, about nine o'clock, I went down to the square to see how Jones was selling out. He had nearly fifty boxes on his wagon which he had not sold, so I bid him ten cents a box to clean him up and he took it, as he said he must get his team back to the farm."

"What did you sell the lettuce for?" I asked.

"Oh, the regular price—five, eight, and ten cents a head. It averaged me $1.40 a box."

"Can you work that very often?" I inquired.

"Sure, if there is plenty of stuff growing. Why, I caught a strawberry-grower that way this spring and took his two-horse load of berries at four cents a quart. The chump had been selling me all his berries in one lot day after day, and had refused small bidders, holding his stock for me. Gee, I didn't do a thing to him! Good berries they were, too. I sold them for from ten to twenty cents a quart."

Another serious element of waste that is altogether too common in many large establishments arises out of immorality of another sort. Men prominent in the management are personally impure. In one place where I worked, the store, which was a large one, was demoralized from top to bottom from this cause. One day one of the girls beside me slapped the proprietor's face before a crowd of customers, who were shocked, for

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the blow was a resounding one. I do not know how false the stories were about their relations, but the stories were most discreditable, and the girl was never reproved or discharged. In this store the manager was every day cashing vouchers for goods which were never delivered. When he was finally forced out, his thefts amounted to several thousand dollars, but there was never any prosecution. The worst of it was that the stealing was long known by many employees, who knew that it was useless to mention the fact to any one in a position of authority. "It never pays to see anything but your pay envelope," they said. In this store that kind of immorality seemed contagious. One cashier was receiving nine dollars a week salary. She would not live at home, but preferred to live in a most doubtful location with an express messenger, to whom she openly and repeatedly gave money from her desk. The owner of the store, in the words of Myrtle, the head cashier, "gave me the devil for not firing her, but I said right out to him: 'You hired her, and you know what she is. If you don't want her, you fire her.'"

And that cashier, whom I saw last month, is as free with herself and with her boss's money as ever.

"Surely," the reader will say, "such discreditable conditions are the exception to the rule."

Even so, but they are all too common. These were finely appointed establishments and the money invested amounted to very large sums.

My experience and investigations among the small stores and markets confirmed the impression that their methods are largely those of the seventeenth century. Their equipment is limited, their facilities for storing and handling food are unsanitary, and their limited sales make it impossible to avoid a large percentage of waste in perishable goods. The clerk may be called upon to rub off a horse one minute, wash fish the next, cut butter the next, and make change or an entry on the charge book next. Such methods are hopelessly unclean and uneconomic. Some improvement has been made by chains of stores under one management, but the stores, as a rule, are small, the stock and variety small, and the number of employees in each is small. The problem of a nice division of labor and economic distribution or delivery is not seriously attempted, nor do any of these stores possess efficient labor-saving machinery.

All the foregoing facts would seem to confirm the growing conviction that one of the great problems of to-day is the proper distribution of our food supply, and that the next step in its solution must be the displacement of tens of thousands of the small, unsanitary, unscientific, and inefficient stores and markets by large, fully equipped markets with all the improvements which science, invention, capital, and intelligence can alone supply.

In many of our cities there has been a gradual groping toward some such scheme. In Albany, Toledo, St. Louis, New York City, Bridgeport, Hartford, Newark, Jersey City, Lynn, Cambridge, Worcester, Providence, and Pawtucket central markets have been established and have resulted in a very substantial reduction in prices. But in point of equipment and efficiency for furnishing service to all or even a substantial part of the city these markets are but a step in the right direction.

The outcome will probably be a centrally located modern market in each small city, and in every large city a chain of such markets located at strategic points, and all under the same management, either publicly owned or, if privately owned, then subject to a rigid public supervision and control.

The essentials of a modern market are:

(*a*) A complete refrigerating plant, with separate compartments at different temperatures for perishable goods of varying character, which would cost about ten thousand dollars.

(*b*) A refrigerating system on every counter on which fruit, vegetables, fish, meat, and dairy products are displayed for sale, to cost about twenty-five hundred dollars.

(*c*) Electric conveyers, lifts, and elevators to minimize labor, avoid handling, and hasten service, to cost not less than fifteen hundred dollars.

(*d*) Electrically driven machinery for crushing ice, grinding meat and bones, sawing shanks, roasting and grinding coffee, etc., to cost about twenty-five hundred dollars.

(*e*) Automobile deliveries, the installing of duplicate or manifold sales systems, costing about twenty thousand dollars.

(*f*) Steam kettles for cooking fruits and by-products, to cost fifteen hundred dollars.

(*g*) Improved modern baking equipments, and a laboratory for the testing of flour, milk,

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spices, extracts, etc., costing about ten thousand dollars.

All these essentials have passed beyond the experimental stage and may be seen in operation in a few of our larger cities. An investment of from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient to equip a thoroughly modern market.

In conclusion a few pertinent questions might properly be raised:

(1) Is there any good reason why moral standards should be lower in the business world than in the educational world? and would not the morals of our clerks be as high as the morals of seminary girls if the directors of stores were working for as high ideals of public service as the directors of our seminaries?

(2) Is it not a serious public and economic problem—this filling of huge stores with clerks who would rather be clean, honest clerks than scalawags, and exposing them to a sordid, unfeeling, dollar-grabbing atmosphere that logically leads to moral deterioration?

(3) In view of the fact that under our present system it is so nearly impossible to enforce pure food regulations, and the further fact that so small a proportion of the advantages gained from economy, efficiency, machinery, and combinations in our large stores ever reach the consumer in the shape of lower prices, is it not the most feasible solution of the problem to hand over the distribution of our entire food supply to some such system of public modern markets as that outlined above?

THE VISITING LADY

BY CATHERINE MACDONALD CAMERON

THE SECOND OF THE OUTLOOK'S YOUNG FOLKS SERIES

"There is no vocation so exciting as parenthood."
On the Training of Parents.

I

MRS. GORDON hung up the receiver and ran back to the nursery, where her mother was helping her put the children to bed.

"Oh, mother," begged Nancy, "what did daddy say?"

"Is he going to bring a surprise home?" cried Jamie.

"Is it ze new puppy?" squealed Johnny.

"It's a little girl. Her name is Hazel Harrison. We can't have her to keep, but she's going to stay a week. Mother, you remember Jim's speaking of a Mr. Harrison? Jim has had lunch with him once in a while."

"That's the man whose wife had appendicitis?"

"Yes, poor soul! and now she's ill with another attack. They rushed her to the hospital this afternoon, and telephoned to Jim to go and get the baby."

"Didn't Jim offer to take Hazel the first time?"

"Why, yes, he did—wait, Nancy dear—but Mr. Harrison was rather awkward over the invitation. Jim felt, somehow, that it was not acceptable. So I've never met Mrs. Harrison. Jim wouldn't let me call."

"I suppose the poor man was just worried."

"Oh, of course. There may have been a dozen reasons. Perhaps the aunt was able to look after things."

"There is an aunt, then? I thought they didn't know any one in New York."

"They don't. The aunt is Mrs. Harrison's sister, and lives with them. But she's a business woman of some sort and goes off on trips. Now, what is it, Nancy-Jane? Oh, no, dear, Hazel will be tired; mother will just pop her straight into bed. You will see her first thing in the morning. Hurry up, chickabiddies; grandma wants to go home, and mother has daddy's dinner to fix."

"But, mamma, may Hazel sit by me at breakwust?"

"Yes, Johnny-boy, we'll have a breakfast party."

"Mother, I want to lend her my plate with the dolly on."

"All right, Jamie; now say your prayers and go to sleep."

"Oh, mother, dear—is Hazel bigger than I am?"

"She must be, Nancy-Jane; she's nearly three years older."

But what a tiny Visiting Lady it was, after

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all! Emma hurried to the door at the sound of Jim's key. "Here you are at last! We all wanted to see you so much we could hardly wait!"

The Visiting Lady drew back. "Are you the cook?" said she, eying the apron in which her hostess was enveloped.

Emma smiled into the child's pretty face. "Yes, I'm the cook, but I'm Nancy's mother, too. Don't you want to go up and peek at Nancy? She's fast asleep."

II

"I don't eat eggs," said Hazel, smiling, "and I can't touch bacon. Aunt Louise can't either. It's greasy." The breakfast party, so gayly launched, was striking shoal after shoal.

John woke up from his contemplations. "It isn't dweasy, is it, daddy? Baton's dood, baton is."

"Oh, Hazel," begged Jamie, "eat it quick and see my dolly on the bottom! She's aw-ful prwitty!"

Hazel did not move.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Gordon, "you really must eat something—you didn't eat oatmeal, you know, or any toast, or prunes."

"I never do eat oatmeal," said Hazel; "it's slimy. But this morning I couldn't have eaten it, anyway, because Jamie was putting his hands in his saucer. It just made me sick to look at him."

"I was not!" roared Jamie. "Daddy, I didn't!"

"Jamie," said Nancy, "don't contradick; it isn't polite to contradick, is it, mother?"

"Hush, Nancy, child. Hazel, you must have made a mistake; Jamie never puts his hands in his plate, he's too big a boy."

"I was just b'lieving to warm 'em in the steam," explained the injured one.

Hazel said nothing, but her expression was such as the proverbial woman surely wore when she was convinced against her will.

"Oh, Hazel," coaxed Nancy, "really and truly, bacon isn't greasy. It's just like crackers."

"Bacon *is* greasy," reiterated Hazel, in her cool, distinct little voice, "and it *isn't* like crackers. It's never like crackers."

"Do-on't contrwadick!" cried Jamie. "*She* contrwadicted, didn't she, daddy?"

"Jamie, be quiet. Hazel," said Gordon, sharply, "there's not a thing on this table that isn't beautifully cooked, and fit for the breakfast of any little girl. Now you pick up your knife and fork and eat like a good child. I know your mother would want you to."

Hazel picked up her knife and fork. Between them she lifted the bacon to the furthermost edge of her plate. Then she delivered her ultimatum:

"My mother never makes me eat what I don't like."

"My train!" exclaimed Gordon, picking up his watch. "It's a long time till lunch-time, Hazel. Good-by." He kissed all four youngsters and made for his overcoat. His wife followed him into the vestibule.

"Look here, Dolly," said he, taking her gently by the shoulders, "the idea of your coaxing that spoiled kid in there, who needs nothing on earth so much as a nice little warm spanking! Now you have a big job in the shop as it is, and I refuse to let you tire yourself out indulging the whims of that little tyrant. Either Hazel learns to do as the Romans do, or back she goes to stay with Bridget in the flat."

"Jim, she's nothing but a baby. There's only one of her, and there are five of us."

"And she's perfectly capable of tackling the whole five. It's a mercy she's not *twenty*-eight—she'd finish you with one hand tied behind her."

"I don't know whether she would or not! You know just as well as I do that it's not that we *can't* manage her, but—suppose anything should happen to her mother, dear?"

"Suppose you stop crossing bridges before you get to them? Now, you be a good girl, and do as I tell you," he ended, kissing her affectionately, "or I'll beat you when I come home. Don't you give Hazel anything to eat till lunch-time. Don't you interfere between her and the other kids. Let her take her knocks— Golly! there's my train."

Emma hurried indoors.

But her fears were groundless. Not more than a spoon or two adorned the floor. Her own youngsters, in solemn procession, were removing the dishes to the pantry. The visitor sat in the window.

"Hazel's watching for Mr. Blake to bring her trunk," explained Jamie. "Mother, may I wash the dishes?"

"Mother, let me!"

"No, *I* want to!"

"No, no, children; mother can't have you in the kitchen for a while. Thekla Kola is coming to iron—and there's the vegetable man knocking this minute! Go and show Hazel the animal book."

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Mrs. Gordon finished her ordering and started briskly for the stairs. Eight eager feet trotted out of the living-room and toiled behind her.

"Mamma, cwocodiles don't eat boyzes, do dee? Dee don't tum wite in houses 'n' eat 'em, do dee?"

"Mother, could they come in this house? They couldn't, could they?"

"Jamie's an awful baby," smiled the Visiting Lady. "He believes anything you tell him. He's just as bad as Johnny."

"Jamie's only a little fellow, Hazel, and Johnny's much too little to know you're only joking. It's mean to frighten him. You wouldn't like anybody to frighten you, you know."

"Huh!" said Hazel; "you couldn't scare me! Aunt Louise says she doesn't believe I'm afraid of anybody."

Emma said nothing, but gave the crib she was handling a vicious slam against the wall.

"Mother, may I show Hazel your dresses?" asked Nancy. "Yes, she does want to see them. She asked me."

But Hazel's attention was diverted. "Oh, my!" shrilled she; "look at Jamie making beds! Oh, my! What a sissy!"

"I am not a sissy," bawled Jamie. "You stop calling me names!"

His mother caught him deftly by the back of the belt. "Jamie, there's Mr. Blake. Run down and let him in."

The children all ran off together.

"He's brwang the trwunk, he's brwang the trwunk!" sang Jamie, cantering up the hall.

And behind him came Mr. Blake, shouting, "Who's going riding with me to-day? Who's going to drive Molly, hey?"

But Emma was not to wash her dishes undisturbed. Turning about for an extra kettleful, she fairly jumped to see a small figure standing silently behind her.

"Why, Hazel! Didn't you go with the others?"

"I'm not going to ride in a cart. I wouldn't be seen riding in a cart like that."

"You've missed a good time, I'm afraid. Now, if you'll help me dry these plates, we'll go up and unpack."

Hazel took a towel with obvious unwillingness, but it did not seem long, after all, before the big trunk upstairs was actually unlocked and the lid so securely tied that it could not possibly fall on the small head bobbing excitedly beneath it. Emma sat down on the floor and entered on the task with zest.

"Did your mother make all these pretty dresses herself?" inquired she, smiling over a diminutive gray garment with a Puritan kerchief and cuffs. There was even a handkerchief bag to go with it.

"Mother makes 'em, but my Aunt Louise cuts 'em out. I've got lots of clothes. Mother said she thought it was silly to take so many to the country—that is, if I had to go. She said I'd never need 'em out in the backwoods. But Aunt Louise said, 'Let the child take them, and show Mrs. What's-her-name that you know how to dress her, anyway.' My Aunt Louise is awful funny. She always calls you Mrs. What's-her-name."

"Hazel!"

"I didn't want to go to the country much," ran on the visitor. "Aunt Louise said she thought it would be a shame if I had to go to Hackensack, or wherever it was. She said you never could tell what sort of people I'd meet. But mother said she guessed I'd go where she didn't have to pay board for me. She said Aunt Louise didn't know a good thing when she saw it. And I really didn't want to go to a boarding-house much," added Hazel, thoughtfully, "because of the prunes, you know."

"Hazel, you mustn't tell me what your mother and your Aunt Louise talk about—those things are private, dear." But Emma's cheeks burned, and she rose from the trunk with a sudden lack of interest.

"I'm going into my room now," said she. "You'd like to put the rest of these away yourself, wouldn't you? Call me if you need any help."

Presently Hazel drifted in and sat down on the end of the bed.

"Do you like paper dolls?" asked her hostess, offering a pair of scissors and a fashion magazine. The Visiting Lady nodded and beamed. For half an hour she cut away contentedly.

"Oh, I do hope," sighed she, "that the others won't get home very soon, don't you? They do make such a racket!"

It seemed as though the words were hardly out of Hazel's mouth before the avalanche was upon them with a cheerful rush.

"Mamma, it's waining, so I did tum in. I did dwive Molly my own self."

"'N' so did I! Oh, mother, hurrwy up and unhook my coat! We're going to play trwain."

"I'd like to help Hazel cut out," suggested Nancy.

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Hazel scrambled her papers together and sat on them.

"Here's a magazine for you, Nancy. You can get your own scissors out of your work-box. Now, children, take care of mother's patterns while she's gone. Be good and play nicely, and we'll have cocoa for luncheon."

Mrs. Gordon hurried away. She liked to cook, and she put in a busy half-hour with much satisfaction. But trouble was coming. It could be heard above the droning hum with which Thekla accompanied her ironing. It drew nearer. It filled the kitchen.

"Hazel brwoke my engine!"

"I did not!"

"She knocked my station down!"

"I did not! I just pushed it with my foot."

"You did so! You kicked my water-tower."

"It isn't a water-tower. It is nothing but a baking-powder box."

"It is. My mother said it was."

"Your mother told a lie!"

Then she got it—that slap that Jamie had been saving for her. The hearty swat of it resounded from her cheek.

Thekla burst into a roar of laughter. "Dot leetle girl, she no good!" she shouted. The ceiling rang with the Homeric peals. But Thekla was the only person who appeared to enjoy herself. The others stood silent, awaiting judgment. The cocoa boiled over and poured on the floor. Mrs. Gordon mechanically shut off the gas.

"Jamie," said she, slowly, "Hazel had no right to call your mother a liar, and I'm much obliged to you for standing up for me. But Hazel is a girl, and boys don't hit girls. And she's your company, and you never hit company, no matter what they do. Jamie, you must say, 'Excuse me, Hazel.'"

The hero of a moment, still flushed with victory, regarded her with wide and puzzled eyes. His excited mind struggled with the complicated logic of the verdict.

Mrs. Gordon went slowly over it all again. "You see, Jamie," she ended, "you'll have to say, 'Excuse me, Hazel.'"

Jamie's blue eyes did not clear. His mouth settled into obstinate lines. "But *she* did it," said he, firmly. "She did it all. *She* was the bad one."

"But, Jamie, she's your company, and she's a girl. You heard what I said."

"'Scuse me!" blurted Jamie, furiously, and bolted for the hall rug, whence his loud sobs echoed.

"The rest of you go into the dining-room and shut the door," directed Emma. "Jamie, Jamie boy!"

No answer.

"Jamie, I know Hazel's mean, I know she teased you. Jamie, if a boy says you're a liar, or your mother is a liar, you can hit him as hard as you like; daddy would."

Jamie sat up and took his fists out of his eyes.

"But men don't hit girls; don't you understand that? You never saw your daddy hit your mother."

Jamie thawed. The mental image of his father chasing his mother through the house was clearly too much for him. A large dimple appeared in each cheek.

"Come on," said Emma, hugging him. "The muffins are awfully good to-day."

Yet, in spite of the muffins, the luncheon could hardly be called a success. It was not only the lack of cocoa. The hostess sat silent and thoughtful, and her preoccupation affected the spirits of the guests. Her attention was aroused by a delighted murmur among the youngsters: "Why, there's grandma!" And even so the side door squeaked and let grandma in. Her arms were full of baker's boxes.

"I've been in town all morning," she explained, "but I've stopped in to say that there will be a tea party at my house at three o'clock."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Do you suppose," demanded Emma, "that the ideal mother is *never* forced by circumstances to deliver her judgments in a hurry?"

Mrs. MacNeil laughed.

"'What, never?'
'No, never!'
'What, never?'
'We-el, hard-ly e-ver!'"

sang she. "I should like to suggest that the gallant captain of the Pinafore did not attend the tea party, but did, in the absence of the crew, seek the seclusion that the cabin grants. My experience of visits is that the first day is longer than all the other days put together."

"Thank you, mother, dear. You know they always love your tea parties. I'll send them over."

"Mother," begged Nancy, "couldn't we dress up in our best dresses and b'lieve a real party?"

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To this extravagance Mrs. Gordon consented with unexpected readiness. Three o'clock saw the crew drawn up for inspection, arrayed in spotless white and shining with anticipation.

"It's stopped raining for the moment, so put these big shawls around you and run."

But Hazel lingered. "Are they going to wear those shoes?" inquired she, surveying with raised eyebrows the Gordon calfskins.

"Certainly they are," retorted their mother. "They're perfectly good shoes, and they've just been polished."

"Grandma doesn't care what shoes we wear, Hazel!" cried Nancy, in surprise.

"Of course she doesn't!" snapped Mrs. Gordon.

"We'ell," said Hazel, dubious, but smiling, "they're not exactly party shoes. But, if they haven't any others, I suppose these will have to do." She minced out.

Emma shut the door behind her and burst into tears.

It was astonishing how the time flew by till five o'clock. Emma meant to cut just one garment before putting the cloth away, but she cut and cut, and looked up with a start at the clock, when Thekla shouted in the hall that she was going home. She went downstairs to pay Thekla, and wandered to the window to see whether the children were on their way back. Yes, there they were, and oh, dear me, what was the matter with Jamie now? Hazel was dancing around him like a bobbing cork. The wind carried her voice distinctly as Emma opened the door.

"My! *You'll* get a good whipping! Won't you catch it? Oh, my!"

"Mother," said Jamie, dolefully, "look at my suit! Will I have to wear a colored one on Sunday? I was carrwying the milk-pitcher into the kitchen, and I spilled it all over me."

Hazel's eyes burned with vindictive pleasure. "He'll catch it now, won't he? He'll get a good one! Just *look* at that suit!"

She raised her arm to point, and somehow —how did it happen?—she jostled the chair against the bookcase. Down fell a vase and smashed to bits at their feet. Hazel's mouth froze open. She went absolutely white. Suddenly she ran like a frightened dog, round through the living-room and up the stairs, and as she ran she cried miserably.

"Hazel! Don't run away! Hazel, come back, child!"

"I don't wa-ant to! I don't wa-ant to!"

As Mrs. Gordon gained on her, her terror redoubled. She dodged blindly into a corner of the upper hall, and turned in desperation, sliding down into a heap against the wall.

"Ah, do-on't!" she begged. "Ah, don't! I won't do it again! I will be careful! Ah, do-on't whip me this time! Don't shut me in the closet!"

Emma stooped and lifted her. At her touch the child shrieked out. But Emma carried her into the bath-room, filled a glass, and held it to her lips. Hazel gasped, and gasped, and at last drank greedily. Emma seized the first instant of quiet.

"Hazel, nobody is going to hurt you in this house—nobody. I know you didn't mean to break the vase, but if you had done it on purpose I wouldn't hurt you. I wouldn't shut you in the closet, no matter what you did. Don't be afraid of me, childie—I can't bear to have you afraid of me. Now I am going to put you on your bed, and I want you to snuggle down under the comfortable and take a rest."

Emma tucked her in and kissed her. When she came back, twenty minutes later, Hazel was fast asleep.

When Gordon came home, he walked all the way through the lower floor before his wife heard him. He found her sitting over the kitchen table with her chin in her hands.

"Which would you rather be," inquired he, coming up behind her, "the mother of three or the superintendent of a boiler factory? How's Cornelia, now, eh? Cheer up! Mrs. Harrison is all right. She came out of the ether in good shape. In all probability she isn't going to die at all."

"H'm! I'm not so much concerned for her as I was."

"Good Lord, Dolly!"

"Jim, do you realize that that child has been punished for accidents?" She told him the tale of the vase while she bestirred herself about the making of his coffee, and he walked up and down the kitchen and whistled meditatively.

"Oh, well, Dolly," said he at last, "I can't believe it's as bad as you think. You've got to remember that other people besides yourself have some affection for their kids—they really have, you know. And you know, too, Mrs. Gordon, that your own cherubs are none the worse for a brisk touching up now and then—the little devils!"

"Of course not, Jim. But that's very different; they know they deserve it, and so

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they don't resent it. They are not in the least afraid of either of us. But when did we ever do anything so cruel, and so—so stupid—as to shut a child in a closet and scare it half to death with the dread of suffocation?"

"But, Emma, Hazel isn't a sensitive youngster; she appears to me to have the hide of a baby elephant, so to speak."

"Jim, that makes it all the worse, don't you see? She must have been so badly frightened."

"But we really don't know the circumstances," said her husband. "And Hazel certainly is spoiled enough in some directions. Come, let's have dinner. I have no doubt she looks on you as a regular softy. She probably admires her mother immensely, and is fond of her, too, in her way. She seems to miss her, doesn't she? She has asked about her, hasn't she?"

"Not once, Jim! Not once, all day long!"

"Humph!" growled Gordon. "Well, she likes her Aunt Louise, anyhow."

"Aunt Louise!" said Emma, smiling. "I wonder if Aunt Louise isn't the oasis in the desert? I hope she is. Jim, why do we always laugh when we think of Aunt Louise? I'm awfully curious to see her. I can't seem to get a clear impression of her at all."

III

Mrs. MacNeil's prophecy came true: the first day of Hazel's visit was by all odds the longest. For, in spite of the rain, which poured so heavily throughout Wednesday and Thursday as to shut the children indoors, there were no quarrels.

"She eats pretty well, she does what she is told, and she lets the boys alone," reported Emma, happily. "We are getting used to each other."

"H'm! You don't suppose Jamie's slap had anything to do with it? Or the doll's clothes you've been fussing with all day long?"

"We-ell, I shouldn't wonder if she did enjoy the doll's clothes. But I do think she likes our youngsters better than she did. To-morrow will show; anyhow, the sweeping can't wait much longer, especially if Mr. Harrison is coming to dinner."

"Drat the sweeping! What does he care about the sweeping? Cut it out for this week, Emma; cut it out."

Emma laughed and shook her head, but she started Friday with a plan so firm that her forehead fairly ached from strength of mind. There was to be no attempt to do more work than the day could hold comfortably. A simple home dinner—that was what Mr. Harrison would get—a simple home dinner, with rice pudding for dessert. And she carried all the silver into the pantry to be cleaned, not to impress Aunt Louise's brother-in-law, but because she loved to see it bright herself.

It was a lovely morning, with the bluest of skies, and a wind so soft that it seemed as if spring could not possibly keep away any longer. The children raced about the lawn, dragging their squeaky express cart after them, and grandma's sky-terrier flew out and barked furiously in their train. Even Hazel, protected by Nancy's rubber boots, splashed ecstatically in every puddle.

"Only be careful of your coat, dear. I wish we had an extra one to lend you," Emma called from the porch. She had come out to shake the rugs, and was not finding it at all easy to go in again. Instead she hung over the railing, searching the valley for possible spots of green, and so fell a prey to the wiles of the vegetable man. For his cart was particularly alluring viewed thus from above. She hurried to the ice-box to put away her spoils. The sight of the milk reserved for that simple rice pudding was disconcerting. Emma flushed.

"I don't care," she said to herself. "I guess I am going to show that woman's relatives that we know how to serve a nice little dinner! The sweeping can just wait till I get the extra cooking done. This is an ideal day for a dinner party. The country's *so* inviting to visitors to-day."

It seemed to be, indeed. Emma was at that moment startled by a loud knock at the kitchen door. There stood an elderly man holding his hat in one gnarled hand while he stretched out the other for inspection. From the yard of her next-door neighbor she observed the approach of an Armenian girl with a heavy suit-case. Alas for the worker who would be free from interruptions! For the beggars and peddlers had come to town.

"Mother," questioned Nancy, running in an hour later, "why are so many people coming to see you to-day? Is it a company day?"

"It's what you call a Spring Opening," said her mother. "I'm now expecting the furniture-polish man, and after him the shoelace man, and after him the piano-tuner, and by that time I guess the photograph man

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will be along with the coupons. You'd better stay on this side of the house, where you will be sure to see the whole procession."

But, though Nancy watched and waited till lunch-time, only a baking-powder man and one talkative soap-lady did arrive, and there was nothing in the least exciting about either of them.

"Now, children," said Emma, "you've been as good as gold all the morning, so I've packed a cunning grape-basket full of cakies for your dessert. You may take your dolls, go out on the back steps in the sun, and make believe you're starting for the country on the train."

"Mother, come out and play with us!"

"Good gracious, honey, how can I? Your mother hasn't started that sweeping yet, and she has mayonnaise to make, and a whole shower of things to do besides."

"I believe I'm silly to sweep at all," said Emma to herself, when the travelers had gone on their way. "It's risky sweeping in the afternoon; as sure as I start, callers will arrive. Oh, dear, these rooms are so dusty! I've already beaten the rugs; I'll take a chance."

She tied up her head and began. She worked like a steam-engine. One, two, three, four rooms swept, and four rooms oiled, and the hall and the stairs. She rushed into the kitchen to scrub her hands.

"Now, just let me get that furniture back in place, and I sha'n't care *what* comes. Glory! There goes the bell! Oh, it's probably just the youngsters. It's too early for visitors."

Alas! it was a caller, after all.

"Is Mrs. Gordon at home?" said she, proffering her card to the supposed maid, and sweeping softly past her into the living-room.

"I'm Mrs. Gordon. Miss—Belknap?"

"No, you don't know me, Mrs. Gordon," smiled the lady, with a charming backward tilt of the head, like a bird. "But your friend Mrs. Stewart asked me to call on you."

Emma paused in the act of jerking a couple of chairs to position, and looked keenly at her visitor. Yet it was true that she and Mrs. Stewart had discussed a possible dancing teacher; could this be the dancing teacher? Emma took off her apron and cap and carried them into the hall.

"Mrs. Gordon," said the visitor, thoughtfully, "the matter on which I have called to see you has to do with the children; it is a plan to help them, and so it cannot fail to be of interest to you; it is to every cultured mother to whom we explain it. Mrs. Gordon, this great century in which we live has been called the Century of the Child. No one any longer apologizes for being interested in the education of even very little children." Whenever she came to the word children, Miss Belknap let her voice fall with a soft cadence. It was a pretty effect. She was a pretty woman, anyway, and gracefully dressed. There was something familiar about her face or her manner; who was it she was like? She was not the dancing teacher, that was sufficiently plain. Emma stifled a sigh.

"Just what is the plan?" said she.

"It is a plan, Mrs. Graham—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gordon—that actually helps, not only the children themselves, but the busy mother as well. In fact, the needs of the mother herself have been kept constantly in mind. They have been made a prominent feature. Every mother means to do her best, Mrs. Graham, but in this day of teas, and dinners, and bridge parties"—the speaker fluttered her hands about and punctuated her words with deprecating little sighs—"how much time can she afford to spend on culture? She must maintain her social position for her children's sake, and yet—culture is *so* necessary, even in society! Mrs. Osterdinck, of New York, said to me the other day—this is just between ourselves—Mrs. Osterdinck said to me, 'Miss Belknap, I have tried and *tried* to spend an hour a day with my children and their governess, and I have been *forced* to give it up!' You know Mrs. Osterdinck, of course, Mrs. Gordon?"

"No, I don't," said Emma. "But I really can't see why she was forced to do anything of the kind. Now, Miss Belknap."

An icy gleam darted through Miss Belknap's eyes and was gone. Who was it that she looked like?

"I suppose Mrs. Osterdinck *is* rather exclusive," said she—"not that she means to be, of course. But, Mrs. Gordon, let us suppose that this mother is of the domestic type. Let us suppose that she is busy with her sewing. The children run in from their school, or their play, and they say, 'Oh, mother, who was Mr. Pecksniff? Can't you tell us, mother?' The poor mother thinks, and thinks, and can't remember"—tapping her brow with a distracted finger—"and what is she to say?"

"She might say she didn't know," suggested Emma, dryly.

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"She might if she cared nothing for keeping her children's respect. But this is just where our plan assists her." And there it was, coming out of her muff at last, the inevitable black portfolio rolled small.

"The mother subscribes to our system, and a portion of instruction is sent to her each month until she has received twenty-six pamphlets, one for each letter of the alphabet. The letter P, for instance, covers all the celebrated characters of literature and history whose names begin with P, and so on. Let me explain, Mrs. Graham, that this paper cover is merely temporary, for at the end of twenty-six months the mother may return her pamphlets to us to be bound, at an exceedingly low cost, in handsome half-morocco with gold lettering."

Emma glanced at the paper cover, which Miss Belknap seemed a little reluctant to display. It looked old-fashioned, somehow, with its cupids and torches and fruit-baskets.

"Really, Miss Belknap," said she, determined to interrupt to some purpose, "while I appreciate your explaining this plan to me so carefully, it does not appeal to me, and, as I have a guest coming to dinner—"

"Now, when the child asks about Pecksniff," continued Miss Belknap, serenely, "what does the mother do? She simply turns to pamphlet P, finds Pecksniff in the large type, reads the short paragraph, and is able in a twinkling to say, 'Pecksniff? Why, he was a very naughty man, my dear. He wasn't a good sort of person at all.' 'Oh, thank you, mother!'—the child claps its little hands" (Miss Belknap clapped her little hands) "and runs away satisfied."

"But what is the use of all this?" cried Emma, irritably. "What is the earthly use, to the child or any one else, of a lot of scrappy, superficial information like that?"

"This information is *not* scrappy, and it is *not* superficial," said Miss Belknap, emphatically. "The greatest minds in Europe and America have shared in its compilation." Her expression changed to one of delicate scorn. "You really cannot suppose that society will tolerate pedantry; What *is* wanted is that light, attractive, sketchy treatment of any literary topic, which is just what our system gives you. Believe me, Mrs. Graham, you would find it *very* useful to you. You are a young woman—you simply cannot afford to allow yourself to fall behind the times and to become stiff and prudish and antiquated, just because you live in the country. And the whole thing is so ridiculously cheap—why, one of the illustrations alone is worth the whole subscription." She whirled the pamphlet open to display a German engraving of a fat and placid Portia lolling beside the caskets.

Emma looked absently at Portia, looked again more closely, and a light dawned upon her. "Just a minute!" said she, and darted into the hall.

Miss Belknap's puzzled eyes saw her drag down a heavy volume from a shelf and search frantically through its pages.

Presently she returned, carrying the book open before her after the manner of an acolyte. There was the same Portia, the very same, and there were the same little paragraphs with their neat black headings.

"You have it!" murmured the other, faintly.

"No, my aunt has it," corrected Emma, with horrid sweetness. "It was given to her for a wedding present a good many years ago. The children tumbled the books off the shelf the other day, and this one fell open just here, or I probably shouldn't have recognized the picture. Do you know, Miss Belknap, I feel sure that even when it came out there must have been a number of people who were not able to appreciate this work. Otherwise I really cannot suppose that the publishers would have had enough of it left to offer me by system now."

Miss Belknap made no reply. She somewhat agitatedly fastened her furs and rolled her portfolio. But she was not the woman to slink out, even after a defeat, and she turned at the door to ask, composedly:

"Can you tell me who lives in the next house, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Yes," said Emma, readily; "Mrs. MacNeil, my mother."

But no one could get out just then, because the vestibule was filled with boisterous youngsters, all laughing and shouting, and every one of them covered from head to foot with soft brown, oozy, springy mud.

"Oh, mother!" they shrieked. "Oh, we've been having such *fun!* We've been rolling down the Bowling Green—just the way we did last summer!"

"Hazel too?" groaned Emma.

"Yes, Hazel too! Didn't you, Hazel?"

But Hazel did not answer. She peered curiously at the visitor, and then—

"Why, *Aunt Louise!*" cried she.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator chanced to be in Boston. As he and his friend walked along the narrow thoroughfare that passes Old South Church, the old State House book-shops that look like London, and modern American department stores with Christmas windows, a child in front of him pulled at its mother's hand and stood still, blocking traffic —even a child can block the way on Washington Street. "I want to go in *there*," the child said, and pointed at an open door that closed even as the Spectator caught a glimpse of glass stairs under which ran glittering green water. The child and its mother passed in. The Spectator remained staring, also blocking the way.

The legend over the door read "Bijou Theater."

"What is it—a moving-picture show?"

The friend shook his head. "Educational vaudeville."

"Of course," the Spectator began, "in Boston even vaudeville—"

But his friend cut him off shortly. "No such thing! It's a decent and pretty ten and twenty cent entertainment that draws better than the vulgar ones, which proves—"

"That human nature is better than we think it," the Spectator smoothly finished as they paid their twenty cents each and walked, with others who had gathered, up the shimmering green-water stairs.

They found seats and watched some excellent moving pictures unashamed. These were carefully selected and censored, the Spectator was told. Then a girl with a sympathetic voice—probably a pupil from the Conservatory, the friend explained—sang Schumann songs just as if she were in Symphony Hall. Then there was a pantomime, a real Pierrot and Columbine pantomime, with music written especially for it by the talented young man at the piano. Then some dainty and modest-looking maidens sang a popular but not familiar song with a dance as innocent and as pretty as a daisy-field. Then there were more pictures thrown on the screen—not moving in the special sense, but sufficiently so, for they showed the work of the Animal Rescue League in Boston.

Then the Spectator's friend rose. "Let's go and see the controlling spirit. She will tell us more about it."

"Nothing mediumistic?" the Spectator ventured.

His friend ignored his frivolity, replying obliquely, "It is a woman," which caused the Spectator to observe that controlling spirits so often were.

"Oh, yes," the Controlling Spirit told them, "the house is always full, as you see. The same things come on four times a day. An excellent actor out of work who came to us for a week (and stayed five) referred to his performance at the end of the week as having just concluded a successful run of four weeks.

"All kinds of interesting people drift in to us. I believe that always happens when you are doing anything real. There are so many good things going to waste all around us in the way of unused energies and talents. A Cherokee Indian girl, a student here, came in one day and wanted to sing some of the songs of her people. I asked her to wear the costume and to tell us also some of their legends. It developed into a dramatic and musical Indian number. We had a camp-fire with Indians sitting about; they illustrated some of the tribal customs. We drew upon our employees of any kind whatever for supes. Our people are all paid salaries, but they all give more than they are paid for, and their duties are not fixed. Any one does anything that he or she can do. They have a good time doing it, and they all seem to care tremendously for the success of our little venture."

"That Indian experiment," the Controlling Spirit added, "was the beginning of a series of national entertainments. The next one was Irish life and folk-songs, and the one after that German; a number of others followed. We went to the costumers first when we were planning them. They showed us what they had—you know the kind of thing, expensive and unsanitary. I turned to the feminine portion of my stock company. 'Girls,' I said, 'how many of you will pitch in and make your own clothes if I cut and plan them?' We went across the street to the upholstery department and got our stuff, and every one began to sew. Our principal pianist—an excellent musician, by the way, as you probably ob-

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served—is a very good amateur dressmaker. One of the girls who needed a costume is a good pianist and not at all clever with her needle, so she went down into the house and changed duties with the musician that day."

"It sounds," the Spectator mused, "rather like an uncommonly nice house party giving amateur theatricals, but the performance was professional."

"It has the good features of the amateur thing," the Controlling Spirit admitted, "without its drawbacks. My actors are paid less than most professionals because they are getting their training here. But they have regular salaries, although they may play lead one week and a one-line part the next week."

The Controlling Spirit was interrupted just then by a young actress who submitted to her approval a choice of two calico dresses bought in a bargain basement near by to serve as a maid's costume. The Controlling Spirit gave her decision swiftly and returned to her subject.

"In casting the plays the green ones are given small parts first. I always read them a play without portioning out the parts, and if a girl I may have had in my mind for a rôle speaks disparagingly of it I know she couldn't do it. If another is enthusiastic and sees its opportunities, I let her try it. Our bill is changed every week, so of course something is always going on in the rehearsal room."

The Spectator spoke of the pantomime and its music. "That is a very talented boy," the Controlling Spirit assured him. "We have given two little operas of his here, a Japanese one and 'The Mardi Gras Ball.' A great deal of musical talent comes our way, and so full are they all of the spirit of the thing that there seems to be no personal jealousy as far as I can see. If one young actor isn't successful in a part in rehearsal, he is told so and another one is put in. Next week that boy or girl—for they are almost all young—may find a rôle that is a perfect fit. They all seem happy in their work here. I happened into the rehearsal room one day when there was nothing for them to do but wait, and there they were all happily playing drop the handkerchief."

"And your audience," the Spectator mused, "seems to have a good time too, and is apparently polite. Is it—I suppose it is not exactly—the same as that in any other—er—a ten-cent audience?"

"The same audience," the Controlling Spirit declared, "will act differently under different circumstances. I had charge for a short time of a vaudeville house the gallery of which had been allowed to get in a shocking condition. There were signs of boisterous merrymaking about. I was told that the place could not be kept nice. But after I had had it cleaned I put up a sign, 'Please help to keep your gallery clean.' I think it was the 'your gallery' that did it. Anyway, they helped.

"Yes, the audience is of all kinds—floating population, shoppers, school-children; not little children, but a great many from ten to thirteen are brought in by their mothers and left in charge of our housekeeper while their mothers are shopping."

"You may laugh," the Controlling Spirit went on, "but it is part of my dream—of course we all have our dream—when I have my ideal neighborhood theater, to have a nursery where the mothers can leave their babies and young children while they are enjoying the performance. And I would have a library for my young actors, and a kitchen, with food at cost." The Controlling Spirit pulled up her hobby-horse. "Yes, it is a mixed audience, mostly American, but some foreigners, especially Sundays. You can find Chinamen and Italians and Hebrews here then. A good many school-teachers come in the afternoon. People have said they like to come in here and rest. You can imagine the effect of that statement upon the average manager. But I am not sure that it isn't just what I wanted for this sort of a place in this neighborhood. Yes, the shop-girls come in too, and all sorts of business men in the neighborhood."

The Spectator and his friend passed down the glass stairs under which green water shimmered. "I don't see but what she has proved it," he said. His friend inquired what the particular thing was that had been proved. "What you said at the beginning—that all sorts and conditions of men can get as much pleasure out of the nice thing as the other kind." Then they both agreed that "it" had been proved.

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THE NEW BOOKS

A BOOK A WEEK

WHAT is it that makes us like this or that novelist? Or, to put it in another way, what is it that makes his own peculiar quality and sign-manual as story-teller? When one goes into a great picture gallery, he does not need to be an art critic to say, almost at a glance, That is a Corot, or a Meissonier, or an Inness; he will make ludicrous mistakes, probably, if he carries too far his attempt to identify by general style, but, as a rule, the greater the master the surer the guess. So in reading Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper's critical essays on fifteen of the younger English novelists we may find it interesting to try to pick out some of those single bits of characterization in which the critic puts saliently and in a few sentences his view of the qualities of these novelists—the very men and women whom we have all been reading and talking about the past few years—with due apologies to Mr. Cooper for assuming to make him do in single passages what in each case he actually does in longish essays.

"Some English Story-Tellers" (Holt) covers the still flourishing period which may be said to begin with Kipling. Much time has passed since Henry James spoke of Kipling's extreme youth as "the support on which he somewhat rowdily leans while he looks down at the human scene with his pipe in his teeth." What a quantity of good, bristling, human stuff he has produced!—allowing, as you will, for failures and semi-failures. How does he do it? "It is," says our critic, "because he can work magic with words, because he has an unmatched genius for taking life as a whole, with all its crudeness, its sordidness, its materialism, and weaving it into pictures of haunting mystery and romance, that Mr. Kipling holds among story-tellers of to-day a prestige which shall not soon be taken from him. But behind the craft of the story-teller, beyond the lure of the unfolded tale, lies the potency of a personality, the dynamic force of a mind that, right or wrong, has an unshaken confidence in its own philosophy of life."

Maurice Hewlett appeals to a finer sense of delicate art-values than Kipling, and that he can vary his manner and medium is seen if we compare "The Forest Lovers" with "Richard Yea-and-Nay," and again with "The Half-Way House"—not all readers, by the way, will agree with Mr. Cooper's dictum that in the last Hewlett went grievously astray from his own field. As to the process, we are thus informed: "How has such an obviously bookish person, a literary dilettante, with the erudition of an archæologist, and a preciosity of style that he has nurtured as one might nurture a rare orchid, learned to galvanize dead bones and moldering dust into an anguished quiver of pain and pleasure? His very language, vocabulary, style, and rhythm are redolent of the night lamp and the study table; often he uses phrases like fine embroidery, traceries and scroll-work in an architecture of words. Tapestry Novel is a term that was first coined to fit the class of books represented by 'The Forest Lovers;' and it admirably expressed the impression conveyed of an almost feminine delicacy of workmanship, as though each phrase were a separate knot carefully chosen and tied and trimmed, in the slow, laborious progress of the woven picture."

Mr. De Morgan's "Joseph Vance" was printed when he was sixty-four years old, and after he had been a painter, a designer of stained glass, a manufacturer of pottery, and an authority on ceramics. His success was as exceptional as his personal history, and it might be summed up in two words—humor and kindliness. We wish our critic loved a little more unreservedly—and, instead of *forgiving* De Morgan's untrammeled ways, *enjoyed* them. But there is illuminating exposition in these passages:

"Mr. De Morgan's chief preoccupation, throughout half a normal lifetime, was the beauty of minute detail, the quality of glaze upon a teacup, the excellence of color or design in a tile. His is the type of mind which gradually, through the passage of years, might be expected to gather up a treasure-house of fine, delicate, unique ideas about life in general, much as a connoisseur gathers together rare gems of porcelain, quite indifferent as to whether they group themselves harmoniously upon their respective shelves. . . . While we read, we forget to ask whether Mr. De Morgan can construct well or ill, and think of him only in sheer gratitude for his possession of the magic touch that makes us feel the kinship of humbler humanity."

A very apt, concise definition of the essence of Arnold Bennett is this: "Mr. Bennett is

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an unrivaled expert in mixing leaden tints; his palette runs through the whole gamut of drabs and grays and slates, tan and dun and sepia. He makes us behold life, raw, anguished, hopeless life, through glasses, smoked not so deeply as to dull any of the poignancy, but sufficiently to rob us of the symbolic blue of hope. He is within his rights. He tells the truth about life—only, it must be borne in mind that he does not tell the whole truth."

In taking leave of this keen and suggestful book of criticism (for we must not be tempted into carrying our little experiment in essence-extracting beyond a third part of Mr. Cooper's fifteen living story-tellers) we quote with full-hearted approval the appreciation of the author of "Septimus:" "An indulgent irony, a kindly and sympathetic understanding of the foibles and follies of his brother men and sister women, is the underlying note of all his books, the best and worst alike. 'When the soul laughs, tears come into the eyes,' says Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot; and it is with this same paradoxical mingling of emotions, with a mist before the eyes and laughter in the soul, that one reads the best pages of William John Locke."

English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages. By A. A. Bram. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A book professing to present to our eyes the customs and manners of other days must, to fulfill its true function, be both scholarly and human. It must be written by a man who is not only a profound student of the period under discussion, but who is also a profound student of life. It should interest rather than describe. It should voice the spirit rather than reproduce the external form. The present volume falls far short of this ideal. Despite the fact that it presents in a moderately readable form many interesting facts concerning the later Middle Ages in England, the conclusion drawn from these facts leaves the reader with a grave suspicion that the author has insufficiently digested his material. Indeed, even the material itself is occasionally open to serious criticism. It is surprising to find a man who devotes fifty pages of his book to a careful citation of his authorities offering as an original thought the statement that *perhaps* Chaucer was "slyly poking fun" at conventional romances in the Tale of Sir Thopas. Perhaps also mine host really disliked that poem after all! A similar astonishing commonplace is the remark that "the worship of the Virgin Mary must, we think, have tended to raise the popular conception of womanhood."

Trees in Winter. By Albert Francis Blakeslee, Ph.D., and Chester Deacon Jarvis, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Each of the joint authors of this work knows the theory of tree science, and has had practical experience in outdoor and forest work. In a very complete and careful manual of nearly five hundred pages they tell how in winter trees differ from their summer condition, and they deal also with the planting, care, and identification of trees. To illustrate, we find as frontispiece two pictures on the same page, showing an oak and a chestnut in their summer dress and in their winter undress; and it is evident that one not acquainted with the principles of identification might easily class them as of the same tree species in winter. This is only one of the many scores of illustrations which most emphatically do illustrate. The chapters on the care of trees, and what may be called tree hospital practice and tree dentistry, are particularly good.

Travel Pictures. By Bhawani Singh. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

This is the record of a trip through Europe taken by the author, who is the Bahadur of Jhalawar. This Indian potentate, of whom a portrait in all his magnificence of Oriental costume serves as frontispiece, made an extensive tour of the great European countries, including a stay of some length in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is of interest to note what particular things attracted his attention, and it must be said that he showed not only an enterprising spirit in seeing things which many modern tourists would not care about or would not notice, but that he describes what he saw with considerable graphic ability. Naturally, much of the matter, while it may be informative to the people in India, is to Western readers the repetition of things known; and it is equally true that there is a good deal of personal detail which is not of special interest, at least to American readers.

Highways and Byways in Somerset. By Edward Hutton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

An addition to the well-known and most agreeable series of "Highways and Byways" books. As in all these volumes, the special region described is treated freely and easily, with a good deal of historical anecdote, ancient tradition, and literary association. The drawings are furnished by Nelly Erichsen, and are excellent specimens of line work in presenting architecture and occasional landscape.

Industrial Combinations and Trusts. Edited by William S. Stevens, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

An immense amount of practical information has been packed into this volume by Professor Stevens, of Columbia. The book does not deal

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with theories at all, or very slightly, but gives the reader original sources of information about pooling, trust agreements, laws and court decisions about trusts, the actual methods used by trusts in fixing prices, eliminating competition and restraint of trade, the way in which trusts are dissolved, and much else relating to the general subject. It is a book for the lawyer, the legislator, and the newspaper man rather than for the ordinary reader.

Syndicalism. By J. R. Macdonald. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is a book of information rather than of argument, and is based on six articles by the author which appeared in one of the English newspapers. The philosophy of "direct action," the principles of syndicalism, the general misunderstanding as to the meaning of the movement and the growth of that movement in Europe and America, and particularly in Great Britain—all these things are explained, and the theories involved discussed calmly and sometimes with partial approval.

Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin. By E. T. Cook. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

This book has an interesting origin. Miss Emily Warren, when a very young girl, asked Ruskin for art advice, and by him was helped and encouraged. After Ruskin's death, from time to time for years she visited the places Ruskin loved, and from them made the twenty-eight colored drawings here beautifully reproduced, together with many sketches in black and white. The English Lakes, Scotland, Italy, France, and Switzerland the artist found subjects of charm; and Mr. Cook has found it easy to write pleasantly and with suggestion of art and social inspiration of Ruskin's association with these varied and lovely "homes and haunts."

Letters to a Young Lawyer. By Arthur M. Harris. The West Publishing Company, St. Paul. $2.

In these imaginary letters a member of the bar of Seattle makes suggestions and gives advice to the young members of his profession. The papers are not technical, but are human and sensible. They deal with such subjects as location, the early struggles to get hold of business, the relation of law practice to politics, the duty of a lawyer as a trustee of others' interests, and the like. The little book is readable and makes its points sharply and sometimes amusingly.

Collectors (The). By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.

Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., has published a charming little book in paper, printing, and binding, and especially in text. The volume comprises seven stories having to do with art lore. Mr. Mather declares them to be "cases mostly under the Ninth and Tenth Commandment." As instances, in the first, the "wrongfulness" of art-collecting is conceded, the second recounts the career of an able picture forger, etc. Mr. Mather's art appreciations are always worth reading; and in the present volume he has applied his analytical and judicial ability to fiction.

Ranching for Sylvia. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.30.

Again in this story Mr. Bindloss deals with the rough side of the far-distant Canadian country. The young man who "ranches for Sylvia" goes out to Alberta from England; and there he has a hard struggle with nature and a still harder struggle with unprincipled people. The book has animation, and compares favorably with the author's other novels of the same type.

George Washington. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

This is a new edition of President-elect Wilson's well-known biography of Washington. The author's elevation to the office once held by Washington adds interest to this new edition, which is attractive in illustration and in all book-making essentials.

History of South America (A). By Charles Edmond Akers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This is a new edition of a book that has been recognized as extremely useful, and one which covers a large subject in a well-prepared and usually readable way, despite the conciseness necessary for a single-volume book. A chapter has been added to bring the narrative down to the present time. The date selected for the starting-point of the history is 1854.

Political Debates Between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas (The). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The recent attention paid to the Lincoln-Douglas debates in connection with public questions of to-day makes the publication of a convenient and well-printed report of the addresses of decided value. A running account of events connects the debates; and Mr. George H. Putnam furnishes an introduction which has both interest and practical value in putting the reader in touch with the history of the time.

Folk Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.25.

This volume includes a large number of the unwritten stories which old women in India tell to little children in the evening. The author hunted out an ancient Bengali Christian woman who was a good story-teller and had heard her grandmother tell some of these Indian fairy tales, as they might be called. From other sources she got many other tales. Thus the genuineness of this collection of romances for children is made certain. The book is an attractive supplement to the author's "Bengal Peasant Life." The colored pictures are not of the highest type of art, but help to give an Oriental air to the volume.

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BY THE WAY

New Yorkers are fearing that unless steady cold weather sets in there will be an ice famine next summer. The Hudson River, on which they largely depend for ice, has this season remained open for navigation as far as Albany longer than in any previous winter since 1843, with possibly one exception.

The kinetophone, Edison's latest invention, which synchronizes sound and action in motion pictures, will soon be seen in vaudeville throughout the country, it is reported. Contracts have been signed, the papers state, which will provide for its use in one hundred theaters and give Mr. Edison something like $500,000 a year in royalties.

According to an official report, Scottish physique is suffering because the porridge pot has been displaced to a large extent by the teapot. Fifty per cent of the children are said to go to school on a breakfast of overbrewed tea and bread. The "halesome porritch" made "fine people" in Scotland, in Carlyle's phrase and in his time. Better try it again.

The United States Steel Corporation has raised the wages of its employees, the increase to aggregate $12,000,000 a year. The benefits apply most largely to the workmen who receive the lowest daily wages. This "leveling up" by one of the greatest of corporations should somewhat modify the general belief that corporations are soulless.

Mr. John W. Freeman, one of the designers of the new buildings for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is reported to have said at an alumni reunion recently that college architecture in this country is twenty years behind the times. Mr. Freeman's plans for the "new Tech" provide for one large central building from which others will radiate; he does not favor the idea of a spacious campus with buildings scattered over it.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lord Alverstone are said to be among the pupils of a new institute of physical culture in London which has been opened by the author of a "fresh air book." The regimen includes air and sun baths, and favors a minimum of clothing. Shall we hope for another incarnation of Sherlock Holmes as a result of the association of the distinguished novelist and the equally distinguished jurist?

A new idea in transcontinental travel is that of a train which will run only in the daytime, being sidetracked at night, so as to give passengers a daylight view of all picturesque scenery between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. The train is to begin its trips this month; it will require five days' time each way for the journey between Chicago and San Francisco.

Milk, according to an agricultural paper, is very sensitive to its surroundings. If placed while warm in proximity to any strong-odored substance it will absorb the smell. Impure stable air will give it a "cowy" taste. Hay-dust will impart a bitter flavor. Unclean milk-cans will taint it. The remedy is, in nearly every case—cleanliness.

Three sets of furs, says an advertisement of a New York City department store, are the least number that a fashionable Parisienne can get along with. "Women in Paris, even in a mild winter, must have separate sets for morning, afternoon, and evening." After reading this item one likes to think of the words of a woman reformer who in a public meeting lately said, "Do you see any rings on my fingers? Not while there is one starving baby in the world will I waste money on superfluities."

A glance into a new edition of Charles Whibley's satirical "Book of Scoundrels" falls upon the story of the one consummate pilferer whose name is likely to last, because he gave to the world a happy phrase, which originally appeared in a couplet:

> "True patriots we, for, be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

This was George Barrington, pickpocket, who, after being sent to Botany Bay, reformed, was appointed to public office, and devoted his leisure to literature.

The inventor of an "infallible system" for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo died miserably poor in London, says a writer in "McClure's." Some of his pupils, however, have, it is said, practiced his system with success. His plan was based on the theory that the roulette ball describes a series of definite "patterns" in its gyrations, and that these patterns can be analyzed and predicted as each begins to show itself.

One of Bret Harte's characters, in reading Homer, it will be remembered, Anglicizes Achilles into "Ash-heels;" and now comes a story from the nearer West to the effect that a member of a woman's club recently reversed this etymological process by making Mr. Knoblauch's popular play "Milestones" over into *Mi-les'to-nes* and calling it "that wonderful drama of ancient times"!

Truth is stranger than the romances of Laura Jean Libbey, if this newspaper despatch is true: 'By the death in Paris to-day of Bertram, the fifth Earl of Ashburnham, a New Brunswick girl, formerly a telephone operator in Fredericton, becomes a peeress of the realm in Great Britain." It is a case of the younger brother coming to America, meeting his fate, and later succeeding to the Earl's title and estate.

The after-dinner speaker who likes to prepare his impromptu speeches in advance may find this comparison worth putting in his note-book: "Considerate little girl—'Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?'"

Long Island, says Professor F. W. Hooper, has about the same area and population as Holland. The produce taken out of the soil of Holland is twenty-one times that which is taken from the soil of Long Island. To remedy this inequality, a great State agricultural school, says Professor Hooper, is to be started on Long Island. It will accommodate 1,000 students, and it is hoped that the raising of fresh vegetables near New York City will receive a great impetus from its work.

Berlin, Germany, is said to be becoming as gay a city as Paris itself. Its night life is now so pronounced that a newspaper has been started specially to cater to it. This is called "Das Kleine Nacht-Journal" (The Little Night Journal), and it is published at 10:30, making its appearance as the throngs pour forth from the places of amusement.

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